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JULY

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MARGOT ASQUITH
on
American Women

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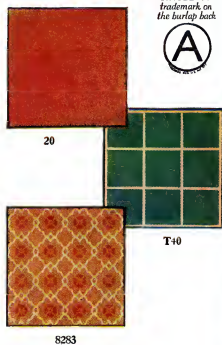
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Gene Stratton-Porter Calls on Our Government to Curb Indecent Literature



"If I Don't Want My Daughter to Smoke, Drink and Flirt, Why Should I Let Her Read of People Who Do These Things?" She Asks

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

THERE is no question as to whether children shall have books; the great question is what kind of books shall they have. The trust of the matter lies, not in whether we shall have libraries or not, but how we shall fill those we have so that we properly develop the minds and the imaginations of children.

It is a very difficult matter to guide the early reading of children so that they will instinctively form a taste for biography, history and travel as well as for fiction and stories. Left to themselves, almost invariably children will select fairy stories and tales of adventure, hard and bloody. Dimpled little things with angel faces will gobble up the story of how a beautiful princess was transformed into a toad, or how the prince became a dragon. Children like stories of pirates and adventure, and the faster the cutlasses swing, the more dead men there are stretched on the deck, the thicker the blood runs, and the louder the captive maiden shrieks, the better the darlings like it.

Human nature is a queer compound. At no stage of life is it more peculiar than during the first fifteen years. At this time girls begin to realize, at least dimly, the coming responsibilities of womanhood. As a rule, boys are so busy with ball games and pranks that they require a few years longer before they begin to come to their senses.

It is a wise parent who, during this period, can place the right books before children, and while allowing them to follow their natural inclinations, can curb and control those inclinations without allowing children to know this is being done. I think the little folk resent being educated quite as strongly as their elders if they realize the process is going on. We like to be entertained; we like to be sufficiently cultured to be able to listen to sermons and lectures understandingly; but deep down in our hearts, from childhood on, I think all of us rather resent a palpable effort to educate us, and oh, how we hate having folk "do us good!"

If children become interested in the history of other people who have been in precarious positions and gone through thrilling adventures to realize their rights to a throne, they will read such history, and, intermingled with it, they will obtain so much knowledge of the forms of government, the customs of strange countries, and what is going on among elder people, that there will be bred in them a love for historical reading.

Almost all children enjoy the history of their own country and people. Attractive volumes of travel coming within the comprehension of children are almost sure of an appreciative reading. It might be difficult to interest children in the biographies of scientists and philosophers, but they are intensely interested in the lives of great discoverers, adventurers and travelers, of warriors, of pioneers and hunters. I think girls, if they are given such books in childhood, appreciate them quite as much as the boys. Children love the stories from the Bible, especially if they are presented as stories and not as lessons.

In my childhood I was very familiar with a course of reading in which an angel child usually called "Gentle Hand" went about hypnotizing and mesmerizing everyone she met, handing vicious human beings, soothing mad dogs, striding the talking horse, leading the ensnared bull back to its pasture. Usually she fell from the foot log at the Mayflower

picnic, became chilled in the icy stream, and dramatically made her passage to join the other angels at the mature age of ten or less. If there are any more such books in existence I should dearly love to have the privilege of kindling a fire with them. I certainly am in favor of filling the books that go into the hands of children with things that are possible, that are true to Nature and to human nature when it is at its best, but I do not believe in sickly sentiment and absurd impossibilities.

Out of the mass of matter from which reading for a child can be selected, good, hard, common sense on the part of the parent is essential in choosing what is best. Properly transcribed Bible stories are always good. Bird or animal stories true to Nature and human nature are fine. I should not neglect in a child's library the old books of fables. A child will readily understand that they are fables, but children get a large amount of good natural history and a sense of justice and fair play from them that is extremely beneficial.

IN every child's library I should include "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Treasure Island" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," because they teach children how to fend for themselves in a few years under adverse conditions, they excite a love of adventure, and teach patient persistence in the accomplishment of any feasible undertaking. Certainly I should put in the youngsters' library the books of fairy tales that have become classic. I have known parents who objected to "Alice in Wonderland" in a child's library, but I am not one of them. "Alice" goes in for my little people, and "The Water Babies."

To the child who has missed the touch of a fairy wand in the Land of Small People before coming to this world, a fairy tale is exactly what its name implies and nothing more; it stimulates the imagination and makes good entertainment. To those whose eyelids have been kissed, upon whose foreheads the seal is set, a fairy book will be something different—a sort of evanescence that is, but cannot be explained.

There are children who go through the fields and woods of youth and of after life prosaically. They feel the wind that blows upon them; they know they are walking on the earth; they realize it when they are hungry; they seek shelter when they are cold. But there is a fairy band, another intangible company, always marching

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Out of the kitchen by noon!

Recipes for a care-free afternoon and a delicious cold supper.

AN AFTERNOON on the veranda! A motor ride into the country! Visits with congenial friends! These and other alluring prospects beckon to you these warm July days.

"Yes," you say, "If I could only escape the kitchen occasionally."

You can.

A friend of ours did. In the cool of the morning she tried the menu given below. She found that with the help of Crisco its preparation became a sort of lark.

We believe you'll agree, too, when you learn what treats you can make with this pure *vegetable* shortening. See if your family doesn't compliment you on the delicious natural food flavors which Crisco leaves undisguised.

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Try this
Cooling Summer
Supper

Fruit Cocktail

Cold Meat

Escalloped Potatoes
(Bake them in the morning. Reheat just before serving. To brown, scatter bits of Crisco on top.)

Quick Nut Bread

(See Recipe at Right)

Asparagus Salad

French Dressing

Cherry or Berry Pie

(See Recipe at Right)

Iced Beverage

Quick Nut Bread

3 cups flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups Crisco
1 cup nut meats
1 cup milk
2 eggs beaten light

Sift together first four ingredients. Add the well-beaten egg to the milk, then add the nut meats cut fine, then the two tablespoons melted Crisco. Then mix all together and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cherry or Berry Pie

First make a plain pastry from this recipe:

1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoons cold water (sufficient for one medium size pie)

With a knife cut Crisco into sifted flour and salt until mixture looks like coarse meal, then add slowly enough ice water to make a paste that clears the bowl. Take half of dough, roll out on lightly floured board until about ¼ inch thick. Roll lightly from center outward. Use light motion in handling rolling pin. Line pie pan, leaving pastry edges ½ inch over edge. Mix one cup sugar with one teaspoon flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this thoroughly with fruit. Fill pie pan, add bits of Crisco, moisten edges with cold water. Roll the remaining half of pastry to a thin sheet. Cover the pie. Press edges close together. Trim with knife and a few slits in center. Bake ¾ hour in hot oven.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.



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Whether You Champion or Disapprove of the Views of England's Famous Diarist, You Will Eagerly Read—



What I Think of American Women

By
Margot Asquith

I CAN write little about American women that is informing, as I know so few of them. I know Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Essex, Baroness Moncheur, Lady Astor and her charming sister Mrs. Dana Gibson. I love Mrs. Page, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Frank Polk, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Lafarge and Mrs. Hayter Reed, and Mrs. Lawford, of Montreal; but I have neither had the privilege of being introduced to Miss Jane Addams

nor the opportunity of meeting any of the working women who abound all over the United States. I am not asked to write a work of fiction, nor have I the wits to write a work of art. I can only speak with a due sense of humility of what I have personally observed.

In reading "Main Street" I was struck by the superiority of Doctor Kennicott over his wife Carol. He really loved her, while she unconsciously loved herself. I felt considerable sympathy with her yearnings. It was a dull life, among drab and husky people; she was young and pretty, full of ideas, like loose beads with no cord running through them, and longed to assist and uplift everyone she met. She fretted against routine, despised convention and hungered for someone who would accompany her either in mind or in movement through the different stages of her aspirations. She reminded me of some of the American women that I have known, who, while loving their husbands, have no idea in what manner they can share their lives; but who spend their time and their money in dressing well and entertaining both the husbands and other people. This type of woman can be found in England as well as in the States, but the responsibilities of a country home, servants

and inherited estates, as well as a variety of sports and games—such as shooting, fishing, hunting, golf and cricket—give us opportunities of detachment from city life which make us free to share our husbands' occupations—a privilege that is denied to other nations. We have our London season from May to July in which we jazz, play bridge, dine, dress and rush about precisely the same as other people do in every capital in Europe; but without boasting of superiority in intellect or in anything else, I think the majority of women that I know at home take more interest in flowers, books, politics and simple country pleasures than the ones I meet abroad. Had Doctor Kennicott suggested to his wife that she go regularly among the poor, or visit the hospitals, he would not have had the feeling of fatigue that a man has in going over his life's work in conversations and explanations at the end of an exhausting day. I only know that if I had not kept pace with my husband's doings when he was at the bar, or

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The Stormy Petrel of Writers

IS what Margot Asquith may aptly be called. She is the unruffled center of a storm raging about her since she first published her famous Autobiography two years ago.

When Mrs. Asquith told her husband, ex-premier of Great Britain, that she was to receive \$60,000 for her reminiscences, he replied he hoped they would not be worth that much; to say they decidedly were is putting it mildly. For Mrs. Asquith, described by an English poet as "the woman with the serpent's tongue," did not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and she told many secrets about the high and mighty in British society. When Mrs. Asquith came to the United States this year to lecture, her criticisms of us were fully as sharp, and she returned to England, half of American disapproving highly of her and the other half admiring her intensely.

In whichever group you stand, you will be interested to read here what she thinks of the American woman, in this, the only article she has so far written for an American magazine.



As he sped by in a whirl of snow, he fired five times at the house

Her Highness Intervenes

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C.E. Chambers

Final Episode of "The Flaming Jewel"

TOWARD noon the wind changed, and about one o'clock it began to snow. Eve, exhausted, lay on the sofa in her bedroom. Her stepfather lay on a table in the dance hall below, covered by a sheet from his own bed. And beside him sat Trooper Stormont, waiting.

It was snowing heavily when Mr. Lyken, the little undertaker from Ghost Lake, arrived with several assistants, a casket and what he called "swell trimmings."

Long ago Mike Clinch had selected his own mortuary site and had driven a section of iron pipe into the ground on a ferny knoll overlooking Star Pond. In explanation he grimly remarked to Eve that after death he preferred to be planted where he could see that old Harrod's ghost didn't trespass. Here two of Mr. Lyken's able assistants dug a grave while the digging was still good; for if Mike Clinch was to be underground that season there might he need of haste—no weather prophet ever having successfully forecast Adirondack weather.

Eve, exhausted by shock and a sleepless night, was spared the more harrowing details of the corner's visit and the subsequent jaunty activities of Mr. Lyken and his efficient assistants. She had managed to dress herself in a black wool gown, intending to watch by Mike, but Stormont's blunt authority prevailed, and she lay down for an hour's rest.

The hour lengthened into many hours; the girl slept heavily on her sofa under blankets laid over her by Stormont. All that dark, snowy day she slept, mercifully unconscious of the proceedings below.

In its own mysterious way the news penetrated the wilderness; and out of the desolation of forest and swamp and mountain drifted the people who somehow existed there, a few shy, half-wild young girls, a dozen silent, lank men, two or three of Clinch's own people, who stood silently about in the falling snow and lent a hand whenever requested. One long-shanked youth cut hemlock to line the grave; others erected a little fence of silver birch around it, making of the enclosure a "plot." A gaunt old woman added Mr. Lyken at intervals; a pretty, sulky-eyed girl cooked for anybody who desired nourishment.

When Mike was ready to hold the inevitable reception everybody filed into the dance hall. Mr. Lyken was master of ceremonies; Trooper Stormont stood very tall and straight by the head of the casket.

Clinch wore his best clothes and a vague, indefinable smile—that same smile which had so troubled José Quintana.

Light was fading fast in the room when the last visitor took silent leave of Clinch and rejoined the groups in the kitchen, where were the funeral baked meats.

Eve still slept. Descending again from his reconnaissance, Trooper Stormont encountered Trooper Lannis below.

"Has anybody picked up Quintana's tracks?" inquired the former.

"Not so far. An inspector and two state game protectors are out beyond Owl Marsh. The troopers from Five Lakes

are on the job, and we have enforcement men along Drowned Valley from the Scaur to Harrod Place."

"Does Darrah know?"

"Yes. He's in there with Mike. He brought a lot of flowers from Harrod Place."

The two troopers went into the dance hall where Darrah was arranging the flowers from his greenhouses.

Stormont said quietly: "All right, Jim; but Eve must not know that they came from Harrod's."

Darrah nodded. "How is she, Jake?"

"All in."

"Do you know the story?"

"Yes. Mike went into Drowned Valley early last evening after Quintana. He didn't come back. Before dawn this morning Eve located Quintana, set a bear-trap for him, and caught him with the goods—"

"What goods?" demanded Darrah sharply.

"Well, she got his pack and found Mike's watch and jewelry in it—"

"What jewelry?"

"The jewels Quintana was after. But that was after she'd arrived at the Dump, here, leaving Quintana to get free of the trap and beat it."

"That's how I met her—half crazed, going to find Quintana again. We'd found Mike in Drowned Valley and were bringing him out when I ran into Eve. I brought her back here and called Ghost Lake. They haven't picked up Quintana's tracks so far."

Darrah went over and looked silently at Mike Clinch. "I liked you," he said under his breath. "It wasn't your fault. And it wasn't mine, Mike. I'll try to square things Don't worry."

He came back slowly to where Stormont was standing near the door.

"Jack," he said, "you can't marry Eve on a Trooper's pay. Why not quit and take over the Harrod estate? You and I can go into business together later if you like."

After a pause: "That's rather wonderful of you, Jim," said Stormont, "but you don't know what sort of business man I'd make."

"I know what sort of officer you made. I'm taking no chance."

"And I'll make my peace with Eve—or somebody who do it for me. Is it settled then?" "Thanks," said Trooper Stormont, reddening. They clasped hands. Then Stormont went and lighted the candles in the room. About a half, again revealed, was still faintly amused at something or other. The dead beat much to be amused at.

As Darrah was about to go, Stormont said: "We're burying Clinch at eleven to-morrow morning. The Ghost Lake Pilot officers."

"I'll come if it won't upset Eve," said Darrah. "She won't notice anyhow, I fancy," remarked Stormont.

He stood by the veranda and watched Darrah take the Lake Trail through the snow. Finally the glimmer of his swinging lantern was lost in the woods, and Stormont mounted the stairs once more, stood silently by Eve's open door, realized she was still heavily asleep, and seated himself on a chair outside her door to watch and wait.

ALL night long it snowed hard over the Star Pond country, and the late gray light of morning revealed a blinding storm pelting a white-robed world.

Downstairs the fets of the forest had gathered again: Mr. Lyken was there in black gloves; the Reverend Laomi Smatter had arrived in a sleigh from Ghost Lake. They were breakfasting heavily.

The pretty, sulky-faced girl fetched a tray and placed Eve's breakfast on it; and Trooper Stormont carried it to her room.

She was awake when he entered. He set the tray on a table. She put both arms around his neck.

"Jack," she murmured, her eyes tremulous with tears.

"Everything has been done," he said. "Will you be ready by eleven? I'll come for you."

She clung to him in silence for a while.

At eleven he knocked on her door. She opened it. She wore her black gown and a black fur turban. Some of her pallor remained, traces of tears and bluish smears under both eyes. But her voice was steady.

"Could I see Dad a moment alone?"

"Of course."

She took his arm; they descended the stairs. There seemed to be many people about, but she did not lift her eyes until her lover led her into the dance hall where Clinch lay smiling his mysterious smile.

Then Stormont left her alone there and closed the door.

THEY hurried Clinch, in the snow-storm, on the spot he had selected, in order that he might keep a watchful eye upon the trespassing ghost of old man Harrod.

It blew and storm and stormed, and the voice of "Rev. Smatter" was utterly lost in the wind. The shawl of snow drove down on the casket, blinding a white mound over the flowers, blotting the hemlock boughs from sight.

There was no time to be lost now; the ground was freezing under a veering and hitter wind out of the west. Mr. Lyken's assistants had some difficulty in shaping the mound which snow began to make into a white and flawless monument.

The last slap of the spade rang with a metallic jar against the lake, where snow already blotted the newly forming film of ice; the human denizens of the wilderness filtered back into it one by one; "Rev. Smatter" got into his sleigh, plainly combed about the road; Mr. Lyken betrayed unprofessional haste in loading his wagon with his assistants and starting for Ghost Lake.

Then Stormont or two put on snow-shoes when they departed. Trooper Lannis led out his horse and Stormont's, and got into the saddle.

"I'd better get these beasts into Ghost Lake while I can," he said. "You'll follow on snow-shoes, won't you, Jack?"

"I don't know. I may need a sleigh for Eve. She can't ride here all alone, can she?"

Darrah, in blanket outfit, a pair of snow-shoes on his back, a rifle in his mittened hand, came trudging up on the sled. He and Stormont watched Lannis riding away with the two horses.

"He'll make it all right, but it's time he started," said the lover.

Darrah nodded. "Some storm. Where is Eve?"

"In her room."

"That is she going to do, Jack?"

"Marry me as soon as possible. She wants to stay here for a few days, but I can't leave her here alone. I think I'll telephone to Ghost Lake for a sleigh."

"Let me talk to her," said Darrah in a low voice.

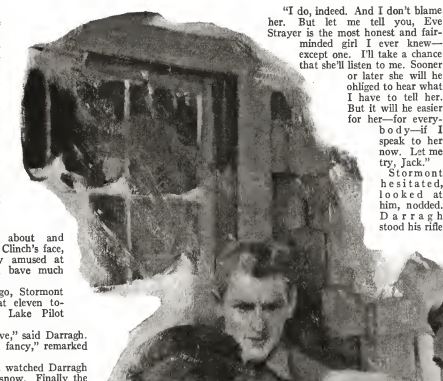
"Do you think you'll better—at such a time?"

"Yes, I think it's a good time. It will divert her mind, anyway. I want her to come to Harrod Place."

"She won't," said Stormont grimly.

"She might," said Stormont to her.

"Do you realize how she feels toward you, Jim?"



"I do, indeed. And I don't blame her. But let me tell you, Eve Strayer is the most honest and fair-minded girl I ever knew except one. I'll take a chance that she'll listen to me. Sooner or later she will be obliged to hear what I have to tell her. But it will be easier for her—for every body—if I speak to her now. Let me try, Jack."

Stormont hesitated, looked at him, nodded. Darrah stood his rifle.

He did not know it had been stolen. I did. But Mike Clinch would not have believed me if I had told him that the case of jewels in his possession had been stolen from a woman.

Quintana stole them. By accident they came into your father's possession. I learned of this. I had promised this woman to recover her jewels.

"I can't see that purpose, Eve. And for two reasons; first, because I learned that Quintana also was coming here to rob your father of these gems; second, because when I knew your father and knew you, I concluded that it would be an outrage to call on the police. It would mean prison for Clinch, misery and ruin for you, Eve. So I tried to steal the jewels—to save you both!"

He looked at Stormont, who seemed astonished. "To whom do these jewels belong, Jim?" he asked.

"To the young Grand Duchess of Esthonia. Do you remember that I befriended her over there?"

"Yes."

"You remember that the Reds were accused of burning her chateau and looting it?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, it was Quintana and his gang of international criminals who did that," said Darrah dryly.

And to Eve: "By accident this case of jewels, emblazoned with the coat of arms of the Grand Duchesses of Esthonia, came into your father's possession. That is the story, Eve."

There was a silence. The girl looked at Stormont, flushed painfully, looked at Darrah.

"Then, without a word, she turned, ascended the stairs to her room, and reappeared immediately carrying the leather case."

"Thank you, Mr. Darrah," she said simply as she laid the case in his hands.

"But," said Darrah, "I want you to

"You understand. Tell him if he had been in rage, I would have followed him like a gipsy!"

E. L. Harrison

"What are you doing in this house?" she demanded unsteadily. "Have you no decency, no shame?"

"Yes," he said, "I am ashamed of what my kinsman has done to you and yours."

"That is partly why I am here."

"You came here as a spy," she said with hot contempt. "You lied about your name; you lied about your purpose. You came here to betray Dad! If he'd known it he would have killed you!"

"Yes, he would have. But—do you know why I came here, Eve?"

"I've told you!"

"And you are wrong. I didn't come here to betray Mike Clinch; I came to save him."

"He said: 'I am surprised that you distrust what I say. But the man you are going to marry was a junior officer in my command. I have no close friend than a lack of trust. Ask him whether I am to be believed.'"

Attounded, the girl turned a flushed, incredulous face to Stormont.

"He said: 'You may trust Darrah as you trust me. I don't know what he has to say to you, dear. But whatever he says will be the truth.'"

Darrah said, gravely: "Through a misunderstanding your father came into possession of stolen property, Eve

against the bench on the kitchen porch. They entered the house slowly, and met Eve descending the stairs.

The girl looked at Darrah, astonished, then her pale face flushed with anger.

She stood looking at Stormont, the heightened color played in her cheeks as she began to comprehend the comradeship between these two men.

Slowly she turned to Darrah, offered her hand: "I'll go to Harrod Place," she said in a low voice.

Darrah's quick smile brightened the somber gray of his face.

"Eve," he said, "when I came over here this morning from Harrod Place I was afraid you would refuse to listen to me. I was afraid you would not even see me. And so I brought with me somebody to whom I felt certain you would listen. I brought with me a young girl—a poor refugee from Russia, once wealthy, today almost penniless. Her name is Theodorina. Once she was Grand Duchess of Esthonia, but this morning a clergyman from Five Lakes changed her name to Theodorina. To such friends as you and Jack she is Ricca Darrah now, and she's having a wonderful time on her new snow-shoes."

HE took Eve by one hand and Stormont by the other, and drew them to the kitchen door and kicked it open.

Through the swift snow, over on the lake-slope at the timber edge, a graceful, hairy figure in scarlet and white wool moved swiftly over the drifts with all the naive delight of a child with a brand-new toy.

As Darrah strode into the open the distant figure flung up one arm in salutation and came racing over the drifts, her brilliant scarf flying.

All aglow and a trifle restless, she met Darrah just beyond the veranda, breathed one mittened hand on his shoulder while he knelt and unburdened her snow-shoes, stretched lightly from them and came forward to Eve with outstretched hand and a sudden winning gravity in her lovely face.

"We shall be friends, surely," she said in her quick, winning voice; "because my husband has told me—and I am so grieved for you—and I need a girl friend."

Holding both Eve's hands she looked into her eyes very steadily.

Slowly Eve's eyes filled; more slowly still Ricca kissed her on both cheeks, framed her face in both hands, kissed her lightly on the lips.

Then, holding Eve's hands, she turned and looked at Stormont.

"I remember you now," she said. "You were with my husband in Riga."

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Caught by the moody romance in his eyes, by the almost feverish intensity of his wooing—Rosalie had said yes

After My Fashion

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart.

ROSALIE couldn't have told just when it was she first felt suspicion, distrust,—jealousy, if a spade is to be called by its name—in the matter of her husband's fishing trips.

She wasn't given to jealousy ordinarily. Being rather too sure of her own beauty, her own charm, her own ability to hold whatever she had taken.

Jealousy, according to the soul-doctors, arises from a feeling of inferiority. Rosalie had never felt inferior to anything in her whole red-gold, white-velvet, flower-fragrant life . . . until it came to Royal and the stubborn recurrence of those week-end departures of his.

He let nothing on earth interfere with them. The most delightful party imaginable might be on the carpet for Saturday night. . . . Saturday afternoon, none the less, Royal came home from the office, packed his bag, kissed Rosalie good-by and disappeared around the corner in a taxi on his way to the four o'clock train for the Bay. . . . If work was mountain-high, he simply shovelled it till Monday morning. Nothing stopped him and nothing stayed him.

*I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! after my fashion.*

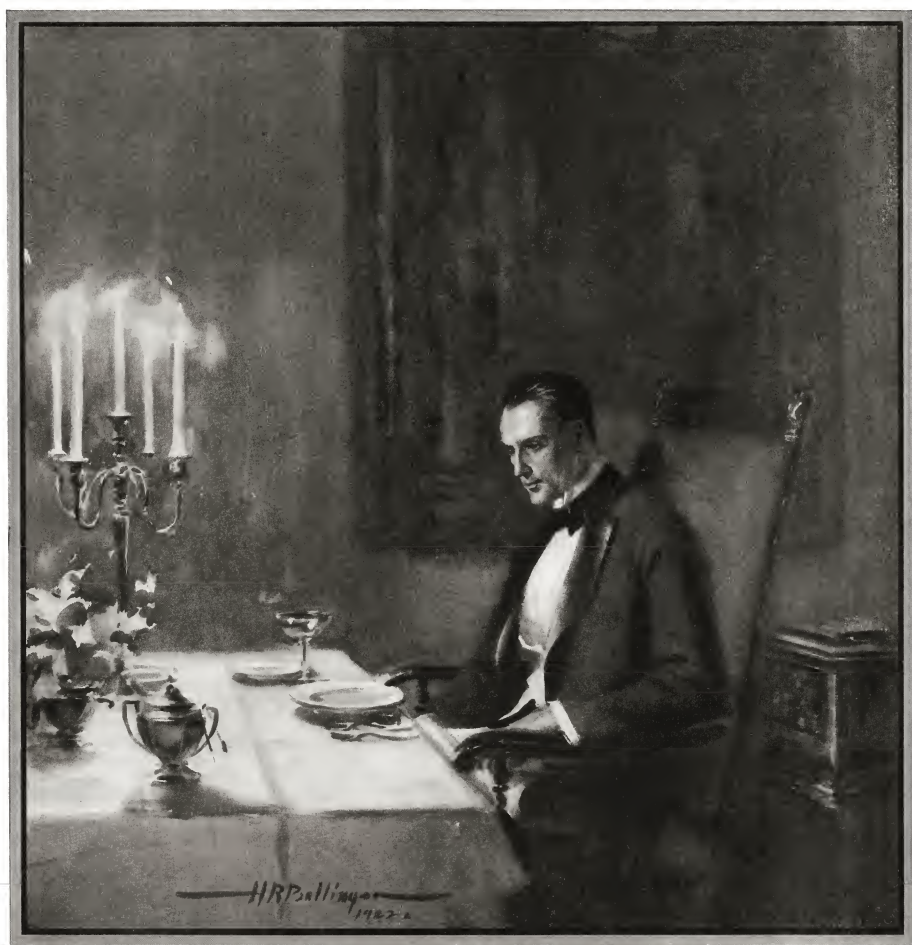
FROM these famous lines by the English poet, Ernest Dowson, Mrs. Lea has woven one of the most beautiful and haunting stories that she has ever written . . . the story of "an old passion" that left a lover "sick and desolate," and what came of it when he married a lovely girl.

When Rosalie protested coolingly, then poutingly, then aggrievedly, he always told her (between kisses perhaps, but the sense of it never varied): "Beautiful—I've got to have a rest! Don't I work like the devil all week to buy you everything you want? Well—once in two weeks I've got to get away from it. Be a sweet, now—and don't try to keep me! I know my own business best."

Which he undoubtedly did. Rosalie who had an adamant streak of her own, exquisitely layered over, sat quiet beneath it for awhile—not too long. Eventually, a question raised its head.

Six months after their marriage Royal had begun the fishing-trips. They had been married three years now and with the regularity of human machinery—which after all is the most regular thing there is—not once had he failed of leaving her at the end of the second week. Leaving her with many caresses—oh doubtless! With all the petting and apparent humoring one gives to an adorable child. . . . still, leaving her. It wasn't a fact to be enjoyed.

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Saltash dined alone that night. He was in a restless mood and preoccupied, scarcely noticing what was put before him

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Part Five

THE party that gathered on the quay at Fairharbour on the hot July day when Saltash's new yacht the *Blue Moon* lay awaiting her christening was of a very gay description.

Saltash's idea was to take his guests for a cruise across the bay after the ceremony, and he planned to complete the celebrations with a *fire* on the water at night. Everything was in readiness, and by two o'clock he was already receiving his guests.

Maud and Jake stood with him, and little Eileen, very intent and serious, held Toby's hand and looked on from the background. Captain Larpent was on the bridge.

General Melrose and his daughter were among the last to arrive, and with them came Bunny, his dark eyes singling out Toby in a flash. She was dressed very simply in white, her vivid face shadowed by a broad straw hat.

"Bunny! What a ghastly gathering! As soon as this show is over, I shall get into riding things and go like the—Oh, here's Jake! Wonder how much he's enjoying himself!" Whether Jake were enjoying himself or not was not apparent in his manner as he came up and shook hands with Bunny, then turned to lift his little girl onto his shoulder.

Old General Melrose turned sharply at the sound of voices. He had not noticed Jake until that moment.

"Why, Bolton?" he said. "What are you doing here?"

Jake moved forward deliberately. "Well," he said, "I guess I'm here in support of my wife."

"That a child of yours?" asked the General abruptly. "But I needn't ask. She's got Maud's eyes. Sheila, come and see this kiddie of Maud's!"

Sheila's soft eyes kindled.

"Oh, what a darling! How do you do, Mr. Bolton? I know you well by name. And this is your little girl? I must get your mummy to bring you to see me, my dear."

"Maybe you'll come and see her first," said Jake. "I should like you to see the stud, sir. We've got some stock I think would interest you."

"That would be delightful," Sheila said, in her gracious way. "We are here for another fortnight."

"Have you seen Burchester?" asked Bunny.

She turned to him. "Never. I want to see it. Lord Saltash said something about it the other day, so I am hoping there is a chance of doing so. You are very fond of it, Sir Bernard?"

"Yes. It's my job just now. I'm head keeper," laughed Bunny. "Miss Larpent thinks I'm very inefficient, but I do my best."

"I never said so," said Toby. She flushed at his obvious intention of drawing her into the group; but Sheila Melrose at once held out a welcoming hand.

"Miss Larpent, do you know I can't help feeling that I've seen you somewhere before. Yet I can't quite remember where. Could it have been at Valrosa?"

"Oh no!" said Toby. "It couldn't possibly have been there."

She made a sudden sharp movement and clapped her hands excitedly. "Look! Look! There goes the bottle!"

Sheila's attention was instantly diverted. The crowd surged forward. Maud, with Saltash on her right and Larpent on her left, stood by the rail. She held up a bottle that gleamed in the sun.

THE yacht had throbbed into movement. The ropes were being flung aboard. They were steaming away.

Everywhere was tumult, rejoicing. People were shouting, talking, laughing, waving hats and handkerchiefs. The whole world seemed a buzz of merriment, and out of the very thick of it, Toby's voice, small and tense, spoke into Bunny's ear.

"Let's get away! Let's go to Lord Saltash, and—and—congratulate him!"

Her hand was on his arm. She pulled at it urgently, insistently. And Bunny went with her, moved again—he knew not wherefore—by that feeling that something had frightened her.

CHAPTER II

SUNDERDOR

THAT night Fairharbour Bay looked like a velvet bed on which glittered many jewels. The *Blue Moon*, lighted from bow to stern, lay in the center, and from her deck there went up showers of colored rockets that fell like burning rain upon the sea. There was a string band on echos, and the strains floated across the water as echos from another world—a wonder-world of soft melodies and laughing voices and lightly splashing oars.

Toby sat in the stern of a boat with a single rower in front of her, and smiled her fingers through the magic water. She was bare-headed, and the breeze of the summer night stirred tenderly the golden ringlets that clustered about her brow.

Once, when she started nervously at an unexpected loud report from one of the rockets, Bunny spoke to her as he would have spoken to a small, frightened child.

"It's all right. I'll pull out a bit, shall I? These things make such a beastly row."

He rowed on through the dark water with only the rhythmic splashing of the oars to fill the silence between them.

Toby was looking at the stars in the starlight with a dumb and piteous irresolution in her eyes.

Bunny leaned to her as he sat, with outstretched hands. "You poor little frightened mouse!" he said. "What is that's troubling you? Do you think I wouldn't make you happy?"

"I think you'd try," she said dubiously.

For a few seconds she hung back, hesitating; then swiftly, almost with the gesture of one who casts aside a burden, she threw out her trembling hands and thrust them into his.

Bunny sat motionless for a moment or two, but his hold was strong and comforting. At length very gently he began to draw her nearer.

He almost expected her to resist him, but she did not. As he drew her, she yielded, till with a sob she suffered herself to be drawn close into his arms.

Then, in a whisper, "Toby mavourneen," he said, "I'm going to tell you something that's come to me lately—something I've guessed. You needn't answer me. I don't want you to answer me—only to know that I know. There's another fellow in your heart, and he's got a bigger place than I have—at present. No, don't tremble, darling! It's all right, I know—I know. He's the best that women simply can't keep out. He's a fine chap too, and I'm fond of him—always have been. But look here, mavourneen, you're not going to break your precious little heart over him. You know quite well it's no use, don't you? You know—well, anyhow to a certain extent—you know what he doesn't?"

He paused for an answer, but Toby quivered in his arms and was silent.

He put up a hand and pressed her head closer to his breast. "He'll never marry," he said. "He doesn't mean to. He almost told me so the other day. But—Toby—he takes a friendly interest in you and me. He'd like us to have each other. Don't you see?—his voice had a hint of humor—"don't you think we might fit it up just to please him? Pray—some day we may find that we've pleased ourselves as well."

"Oh, my dear!" Toby whispered.

Her arm crept round his neck, but she did not lift her head. He clasped her more closely and went on very softly, "I love you enough to think of your happiness first, and I love you enough to know that all right. But you will be—I swear you shall be—if you will marry me. You like me just a bit, don't you? And you wouldn't be afraid to trust yourself to me?"

"No," murmured Toby. "I wouldn't be afraid."

"Then you'll give me my chance?" he urged gently. "You'll put your dear little hand into mine and trust me? Will you, darling? Will you?"

And suddenly Toby raised her head and spoke. "I will do—whatever you wish," she said.

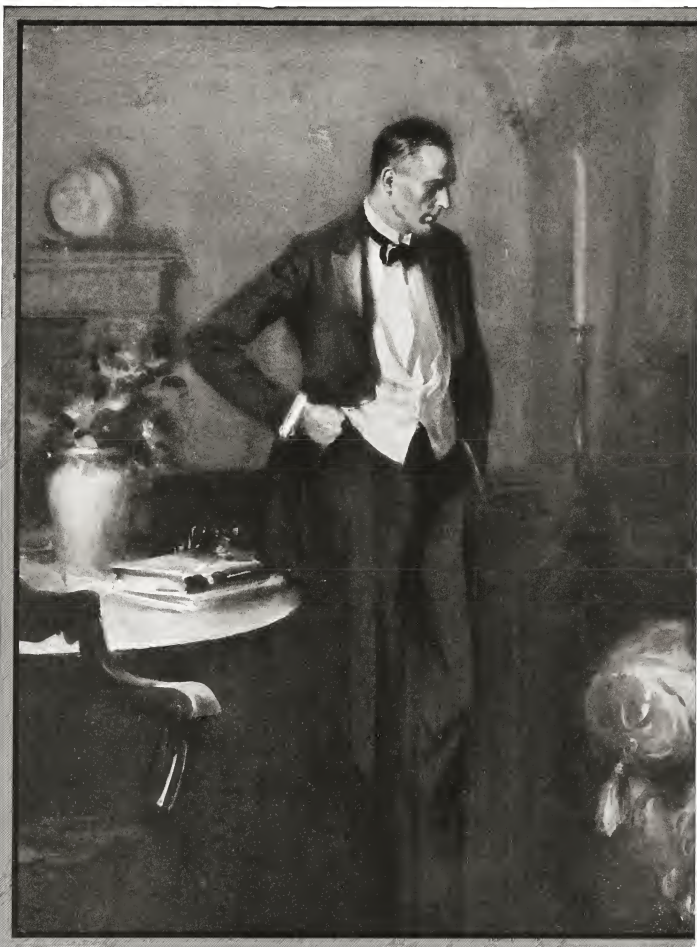
CHAPTER III
THE MAGICIAN'S WAND

I CAN'T think where I have seen that girl before," said Sheila thoughtfully, drumming her fingers on the white rail, her soft eyes fixed upon the jeweled bay. "She has an arresting face. I have seen her—somehow—dressed as 'Joy,' she said. 'Could it have been a picture?'"

"Joy," said Saltsath, who stood beside her. "One of Spentoli's. It's called 'The Victim'—a lad with a face like Larpent's daughter's fighting a leopard. It's an unsatisfactory sort of picture. One wonders which is 'The Victim.' But that is Spentoli all over. He always leaves one wondering."

"I know the thing you mean," Sheila nodded meditatively. "Yes, she is—rather like that. The boy was 'The Victim' of course." She turned towards him suddenly with the words, "You can't possibly doubt that. The brute's teeth are almost in his throat. It strikes it's a horrible picture myself."

Saltsath laughed. "A deliverer arrives sometimes," he remarked, "even in the last, most awful moment of all."



Over his dark face with its weary lines and cynical mouth, its melancholy and its

Have you never said to yourself how seldom the thing we really expect comes to pass?

Her mouth took a firm line, and Saltsath, glancing at her, began to laugh. "Do you know, Miss Melrose, it's rather curious, but you remind me of Spentoli, too, in some ways? I don't know if you and Miss Larpent possess the same characteristics, but I imagine you might develop them given the same conditions."

SHEILA stiffened at the words. "I am sure you are quite wrong," she said coldly. "Captain Larpent's daughter is quite obviously a child of impulse. I am not."

"I think you would be impulsive enough to fight the leopard if he came your way," contended Saltsath with idle conversation. "Or perhaps you would charm him. I imagine that might be more in your line."

Again the girl's lip curved. She said nothing for a moment, then deliberately, for the first time in her life, she snubbed him. "No, I should never try to charm a beast, Lord Saltsath."

"You prefer them savage?" countered Saltsath—then she made a careless gesture with one hand, without replying. She did not even look towards him. "I think Miss Larpent might be quite clever in that respect," she said. "She is—a horn charmer."

"By Jove!" he said. "What a cruel compliment!"

Sheila said nothing. She was watching a small boat rowing steadily towards them through the dark water with eyes that were grave and fixed.

Sheila's soft eyes came to him at the sudden question. "No. I have heard of her. I have never met her. I don't want to meet her. Why?"

He threw her a daring glance. "It would do you good to meet her. She is a horn charmer if you like. She charms women as well as men—and beasts."

"An adventures!" said Sheila.

"Yes, an adventures. She is in Paris just now. When she comes to England—again his look dared her—"I will take you to see her. It will be—an education for you!"

He laughed aloud, and suddenly stretched his hand to her with a movement of good fellowship. "I'm only teasing. Don't be cross! I wouldn't take you to see her for all the gold of Ophir."

Sheila hesitated momentarily before she gave her hand. "Why did you speak of her? What brought her to your mind?"

"I have—a somewhat elastic mind," he said and smiled his most baffling smile. "It was your talk of charms that did it. It was trying to think of all I had met."

"All the Rozelies and the Toles!" said Sheila, with a bad little laugh.

HE gripped her hand and released it. "I have never met more than one of each," he said. "Which may be the secret of their charm. Don't class them together in your mind for a moment! Larpent's daughter may be a horn charmer. Young Bunny Brian seems to think so at any rate. But she is not—and never will be an adventures."

"Is Bunny Brian fond of her—really fond of her?" asked Sheila.

Saltsath nodded. "Sure thing—as, Jake would say! And he's a sound chap too. I hope he'll get her."

"She is very likely to refuse," said Sheila.

The little boat had passed out of sight under the lee of the rocks. A great rocket whistled skywards, and broke in a violet flare that lighted sea and shore. The *five* was over, and people were crowding on hoard.

They left the yacht's rail and joined the on-coming throng. It was like a scene out of a fairy tale—the gaudy



bitterness, there came a light such as neither man nor woman had ever seen upon it before

Chinese lanterns bobbing to and fro, the gaily-colored crowd, the shining white yacht rocking gently on the noiseless swell. "Where is Toby?" said Maud. She turned back to watch the now empty gangway, and in a moment she gave an exclamation of relief.

"Ah! Here they come at last!" A laughing voice spoke behind her. "Enter Cinderella and the Prince!"

She started and saw Saltash's swarthy face close to her. His old eyes looked into hers with a flash of mischief. "See how all my plans bear fruit!" he said. "I wove my wand, and you behold the result!"

She turned from him to look again upon the advancing couple. They were crossing the gangway alone, Toby slim, girlish, her wide blue eyes shining like the eyes of an awakened child, Bunny close behind her, touching her, his hand actually on her shoulder, possession and protection in every line of him. He was murmuring into her ear as they came, and his face was alight with the glory which no earthly lamp can kindle.

"Behold!" Saltash said again, and moved forward in his sudden fashion to receive them.

He met them as they stepped on board, and in a moment they were the center of observation. Saltash, laughing, took a hand of Bunny's and a hand of Toby's and joined them together. Toby's eyes were lifted to his face. She was smiling with lips that trembled, and Maud's heart gave a great throb of pity, she could not have said wherefore.

Then Toby too was laughing, and she heard Saltash's voice. "These things only happen properly once in a blue moon, *ma chérie*. I give you both my blessing for the second time today. I wish you better luck than has ever come my way."

He threw a gay, malicious glance towards the bridge, where Larpent stood like a grim Viking looking down upon the scene.

"Come!" he said. "We had better go and tell your daddy next!"

CHAPTER IV

THE WARNING

IT seemed to Maud that in the days that followed her engagement Toby developed with the swiftness of an opening flower.

Watching her anxiously, it seemed to her that Toby was becoming more settled, more at rest, than she had ever been before. The look of fear was dormant in her eyes now, and her sudden flares of anger had wholly ceased. She made no attempt to probe below the surface, realizing that the first days of an engagement are seldom days of expansion, being full of emotions too varied for analysis. She had, moreover, great faith in Bunny's powers.

They met every day, usually in the evening when Bunny was free, and the children gone to bed. Maud would watch them wander out together into the summer solitudes, Chop walking sedately behind, and would smile to herself very tenderly at the sight. She believed that Toby was winning to happiness and she prayed with all her soul that it might last.

Saltash came no more during these summer days. He had departed in his abrupt way for his first pleasure cruise in the *Blue Moon*, taking no friend, save the ever-present Larpent, to relieve the monotony. No one knew whither they were bound, or if the voyage were to be long or short. He dropped out of his circle as a monkey does from a tree, and beyond a passing wonder at his movements no one questioned either motive or intention.

Meantime, the summer crowds came and went at Fair-harbour. The Anchor Hotel was crowded with visitors, and Sheila and her father began to talk of departure for Scotland.

Jake had come to an important race-meeting in the North, and it seemed that Bunny's suggestion to show them the stud had been forgotten. But on an afternoon in late August Sheila abruptly reminded Bunny of it.

"It's quite a fortnight since you promised to show me the horses," she said.

"It is? I'm awfully sorry. You must come and have tea with Maud. When will you come?"

"Well, we are leaving the day after tomorrow," Sheila said.

"Tomorrow then!" said Bunny promptly. "Have you seen the Castle yet?"

"Yes. We lunched there with Lord Saltash before he left. It's a horribly grim place. I didn't like it much."

"It's a magnificent place!" said Bunny stoutly. "It's completely thrown away on Charlie of course, but I love every stone of it."

"What a pity it doesn't belong to you!" commented Sheila. "I wonder where you will live when you are married?"

Bunny flushed a little. "We're not marrying at present, but I'm hoping to stick to my job when we do."

"Oh, are you? Does Miss Larpent like that idea?" Faint surprise sounded in Sheila's tone.

"I don't know why she shouldn't," said Bunny, quick to detect it. "She's keen on the country, keen on riding and so on. She'd like to live in town."

"Would she?" said Sheila, with a hint of incredulity. "It is very pretty. And pretty girls don't generally care to be buried before they have had their time to waste. I wonder that Maud didn't think of giving her just one season in town. It would be rather good for her, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Bunny rather shortly. "I think she'd better where she is."

"You're afraid she'd slip through your fingers if she saw too much of the world?"

"No, I'm not!" declared Bunny, frowning. "I hadn't thought of it. But I'd hate her to get old and sophisticated. Her great charm is in being—just what she is."

"Oh, she has plenty of charm," Sheila admitted, and her own brows drew a little in thought. "I wish I could remember who it is she reminds me of."

As he raced back from Fairharbour in his little two-seater car to meet his young fiancée on the downs, the memory of Sheila's words came back to Bunny and he frowned again.

So when he found himself alone with Toby, walking along the brow of the fureze-strewn downs, he attacked the subject with characteristic directness.

"Sheila Melrose thinks you ought to have a season in town before we get married. Would you like to do that?"

Toby looked up at him with her clear eyes wide with surprise. "What the—blazes has it to do with Sheila Melrose?"

He laughed briefly. "Nothing of course. Less than nothing. It's just a point of view. She thinks you've got too pretty to be buried before you've had your fling."

"My—fling!" said Toby. "I should loathe it, and you know it."

He bent his face to hers. "You'd sooner marry me out of hand than go hunting London for someone more to your liking? Would you?"

"Oh, mad," said Toby. "But, you see, I hate London."

"And you don't hate me?" persisted Bunny, his dark eyes very persuasive.

She dropped her own before them, and was silent. "Say it, sweetheart!" he urged.

She shook her head. "Let's talk about something else!"

"All right," said Bunny broadly. "Let's talk about marriage! Do you know old Bishop is going to live in Fairharbour? I shall be left alone there. It's rather beastly living alone, you know, Charlie!"

"You haven't tried it yet," said Toby.

"No. But I know what I'll feel like. I shall hate it."

Bunny spoke with gloomy conviction. "You'll hate it."

Toby suddenly laughed. It would be rather dull. Why didn't you fall in love with Sheila Melrose?"

"Sheila Melrose! Why on earth should I?"

Toby lifted mischievous eyes. "She's pretty and graceful and accomplished. She'd make a charming Lady Brian, and she has an estate of her own, so you'd be married."

It would be—a highly suitable arrangement for you both."

"Don't talk rot!" broke in Bunny with sudden heat. His hold tightened upon her, and she made a quick, instinctive movement as though to free herself. "I'm not! You know I'm not! You know—quite well—that if it—if it hadn't been for me—because you changed your mind—first—you certainly would have—fallen in love with her!"

Toby spoke breathlessly, stammering a little as her habit was when agitated.

"Why did you say that?" he said, bending low to look into her downcast face, and he winked at her. "Are you—jealous—by any chance?"

"Oh no!" declared Toby with vehemence. "No—no—no!"

"Then why?" he persisted. "You don't like her, do you?"

Toby's face was burning. "It—it's she that doesn't like me!"

"Oh, that's a mistake. Everyone likes you."

She shook her head. "She doesn't. She thinks I'm bad form, and I dare say she's right. She also thinks"—she lifted

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"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station"

Judgments of West Paradise

By Valma Clark

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

IT WAS one of Jud Calkins' had nights, for a man who is shunned, even one who bears the brand of a hardened criminal, will grow lonely at times. Therefore Jud Calkins loosed down Pearl Street and paused tentatively before the discreetly lighted house of Mrs. O'Greer.

Now there are streets in Paris, Balzac says, so bad that a woman's reputation is compromised if she is seen on them. But in Paris, Chicago, Detroit, even in Jonesboro, it is the same, and West Paradise was no exception. In spite of its name, West Paradise was no better than most towns—perhaps a little worse. It had its compact little tough section, which good folk shunned as they would have shunned lepers' quarters; Pearl Street was the street its good people avoided, and of the brief row of notorious houses, Mrs. O'Greer's was the most notorious.

At least Pearl Street was not particular, wherefore Jud Calkins, who was dispersely lonesome, halted considerably before Mrs. O'Greer's. When, at that moment, Jud's eye fell upon the figure of a woman just beyond the arc of the gaslight, who also stood speculatively before Mrs. O'Greer's, Pearl Street being what it was, he was entirely justified in edging toward her and muttering: "Lo, sis."

The girl, she was a mere kid, he saw at once, turned and lifted a face that made a white blot for two great, fearful, black eyes.

"Good Lord!" breathed Jud, falling back. He recognized her as Melice Sweeting, the daughter of Sarah Sweeting, who had been dead two years. Vaguely he knew of her: a wistful youngster, who lived alone and got along by taking in washings. "What you doin' here?"

Her eyes fell. Jud noticed that she carried a bundle. Then her mouth trembled open. "I'm going to live here at Mrs. O'Greer's," she answered, and her voice was toneless, infinitely weary.

He gave himself time to recover from the shock of that. Shaken out of his own brooding thoughts for the first time in years, he considered her; she was sunk fathoms deep in some trouble of her own. "But you can't do that," Jud told her, his heavy voice oddly gentle. "You don't know—what kind of a place. . . ."

"I do know; that's why I'm going." "Listen, you've got to go home. I'll see you out o' here, back to the decent part of town. No one's seen you; I'll leave you so you'll not be seen with me. You can slip into your own place."

"But I haven't any place. I couldn't keep up the rent, and Mr. Keele's taken the house away from me."

"If it's money you're out of, I've a hit here. You can get a room at Mrs. Sutton's—"

"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station until they made me move. Haven't you heard—about me?"

"Not likely I'd've heard anything," he shrugged impatiently; "nobody talks to me."

"They're saying things—horrible things. Now will you go away and let me be! I know what I'm doing! I know—everything!" She shuddered and broke suddenly into sobs.

JUD took a rapid survey of the deserted street to make sure they were not observed. "Now tell me," he growled; and Melice sobbed out her story. "There wasn't anything else for me to do in spite of all the education mummy'd worked so hard to give me; there was plenty of other high-school graduates for the good jobs. So I kept on with mummy's customers. Only sometimes I disappointed them with the washings. You see, I'm not awfully strong, and they began going to Mrs. Tooley. I had to have more work, and Mrs. O'Greer had heavy washings, so I just—slipped up here nights and got her clothes and returned them nights the same way. Mrs. O'Greer paid extra well, and she wasn't particular about getting them back on the dot. That was all there was to it. But one night Mr. Keele saw me coming out of Mrs. O'Greer's, and the next day folks looked at me queer, and then after that the others began taking their washings away from me. I tried to explain to them how it was, but no one would believe me. Then I got so tired and so hungry, and there was no place to go. Mrs. O'Greer told me once if things ever got too hard. . . . And no one would believe me! You don't believe me!"

"Of course I believe you."

"But why?" she wondered. "No one else does."

"Reckon I know how it is," he muttered with a touch of bitterness. "But we've got to think what to do. . . ."

Her sigh of relief stirred him.

"Look here," he announced abruptly, "I'm goin' to take you home with me. I know it ain't regular, a lone man, and especially me, but I can't think of anything else to do."

You've got to get fed up and slept out. After that we can figure something. All right, eh?"

"Dizzy," breathed the girl, and went limp. Jud squared his short, stocky frame to the weight of her and found it nothing at all. He stumbled across lots with her to his own small farm at the edge of the town.

Somehow he got her to bed in the downstairs room that had belonged to his mother; in the old days, Jud had been used to doing things for his invalid mother, and after her death he had nursed his young brother through whooping-cough and other childhood diseases.

At length he went out and sat on the tumble-down steps of the porch in the dark and felt strangely at peace with the world. It was the first time Jud had done anything for another human being in four years. She was just a kid—she might have been his own daughter if he had ever married, Jud reflected. But Jud was the last person in the town, he owned humbly, to leave a kid with. For Jud's whole life had been ruined by a groundless suspicion.

In the eyes of West Paradise, Jud Calkins was the murderer of his old uncle, Todd Calkins. The thing had happened four years before, in the fall of 1917, and Jud alone and one other knew that he was not guilty. Jud, with Dan Barker, the orphan lad who did chores on the farm for him, had risen before dawn on that morning and had hiked off to the lake for the early flight of ducks. Sitting hidden in their duck-hind a half mile up shore from the lake-side farm where old Uncle Todd lived alone, Dan and Jud had heard the rifle shot. Twenty minutes later, Larry, Jud's younger brother, had passed them on a run with such a look of blind horror on his face that they could only stare.

AFTERWARD, when they had stopped at Uncle Todd's place on their way home, they had found the old man lying dead in a pool of blood on the back doorstep. The house had been rifled. Todd Calkins had been a notorious miser. There was only one thing for Jud and the boy to think. They remembered that Larry had carried his rifle. Jud had known that his young brother was wild in an irresponsible, schoolboy fashion, but this thing—! It left Jud stunned, for he had mothered Larry and worshipped him and had given him the years at Cornell which he (Jud) had only dreamed of for himself.

Jud and Dan had trudged silently back to town and had given the alarm. That Larry was upset and that he

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The Story of a Woman Who Waited—and a Man Who Sought Fortune Afar



It was at Murphy's pond that Charlie Brown had first told Caroline he loved her. His stammering boyish words came back to her in dreams

Old Maid Caroline

By Besse Toulouse Sprague

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

THE drowsy of a lazy summer afternoon settled over Main Street, Eden, Iowa. Big blue-bottle flies swooped languidly down into the street to a bit of fruit rotting in the heat and then dived leisurely off, only instantly to repeat the performance. A panting, dusty dog gratefully caught its lolling tongue at the trough set to catch the droppings from the old town pump.

These things and a dilapidated Ford, parked in front of the one-story building that bore the name, "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries," gave the only sign of life to Main Street; if old "Mis" Donnell sitting in a rickety chair in front of her own "Millinery Emporium" could be excepted. Inside of "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries" there was no hectic flurry of business. The entire stock in trade seemed just to be patiently waiting. The shelves at one side of the store were given over to drygoods, the other side to sundries, and between, occupying three long tables, was an incongruous mixture of both. Ladies' hair nets, boxed and ribboned suspender sets, the newest in jewelry fancies, work shirts, garden seeds, coverall aprons, plow shoes, georgette waists, fishing tackle, salt and pepper shakers, boys' caps, a wash-bulter or two—all of these things could be found. L. Burt's advertisement in the *Eden Weekly Free Press* always boasted: "We keep in stock a full and complete line of household necessities."

Just now L. Burt himself was busily at work up the street a couple of blocks away, flooring his new garage. Caroline Burt, his sister, waited on "the trade"—a lone customer, who sat propped up rather forlornly on one of the high stools in front of the drygoods counter. In Eden folks called Caroline Burt "Old Maid Caroline."

Of course not "to her face," for the home folks thought well of Caroline. But an unmarried woman well along in her twenties was an out-and-out old maid in Eden. That had always been the custom and would always be. Caroline was past thirty, well past thirty. Young matrons in the little town would say if they wished to estimate Caroline's age. Let's see. Carrie Burt was out of school before I started in, yes long before. Why, she was a young lady when I was just a little bit of a girl."

"No, it ain't so busy this time o' day," Caroline Burt was saying to her lone customer. "Most of the farmers are workin' right now; but they'll come driftin' in soon after supper. We kep' open last night till after ten, and we was just hustlin' all the time. Now what next, Mis' Johnson?"

There was an instant's hesitation on the part of the customer. Then, "Let me look at your outin' flannel, Carline."

Caroline pulled a bolt down to the counter. "Same as last time, Mis' Johnson?"

Mrs. Johnson pinched the goods between practiced thumb and forefinger. "Ten yards," she said. And then, "I don't want you should tell no one, Carline. What folks don't know won't hurt 'em."

Caroline agreed.

"Anyway, it ain't goin' t' be till th' last o' September. Only I just thought I oughta get th' little things out of the way. What with harvest comin' on and all, it's a unfortunate time o' year, so to speak. Jim had t' come in t' get that piece of th' cultivator he broke, an' I just up an' decided t' come alone. Thinkin' I, 'There won't be so many people in th' store this afternoon. Not that I care who knows it, only it ain't nobody's business but me 'n Jim, anyhow.'"

The confidence flowed on and on. Caroline was a discreet listener, and Mrs. Johnson's conversational stream rarely ran dry.

But Caroline could think even as she listened, and that was what she was doing just now between measuring yards of outing flannel and handing down little woolen things for her customer's thrifty inspection. In fact, Caroline had been thinking all day long, thinking wistful, tender, even romantic thoughts—thoughts that brought a flush into her thin cheeks—and all because, at the bottom of an old box of check-sacks she'd sorted over the night before, there had come to light a bedraggled and time-faded postal card.

CAROLINE felt again the thrill that had been hers so many years ago at first sight of the card's flamboyant beauty. Two snowy doves poised in tireless semi-flight upon its embossed surface, holding in their golden-yellow beaks a wreath of roses red and violets blue, while inside the blossom circle were the deathless words:

"Roses are red,

Violets are blue.

Sugar is sweet—

And so are you."

Holding it in her hand, last night, Caroline had smiled at the card tenderly, wistfully, as a mother smiles at a

tiny worn shoe that through long and weary years has kept the imprint of a tiny little foot. And then Caroline had sighed and hidden the card away so that Zedda's bright, inquisitive eyes could not find it. For the card represented Caroline's only love affair, a romance that began with the little embossed bit of pasteboard, when Caroline was twelve and Charlie Brown was just two years older, and ended only when, in rueful disappointment, Charlie Brown had carried Caroline's duty-urged "No" into the world outside of Eden, Iowa.

That night Old Maid Caroline dreamed of Charlie Brown. Her little, sloping attic room was filled with flooding moonlight, and maybe that was the reason why her dreaming brain visualized Murphy's pasture with its little pond, that enchanted spot where Eden boys and girls in Caroline's youth had boated in summer and skated in winter.

IT was at Murphy's pond that Charlie Brown had first told Caroline that he loved her. They had been paddling about in Charlie's clumsy little home-made canoe and at his stammering, boyish words the mean little pond had suddenly changed into a shimmering lake and the rude canoe to a magic gondola of joy.

Caroline dreamed it all over again. Her sweetheart's arms were around her, his kiss was upon her lips, and then of a sudden he vanished, thrust aside by the hovering nearness of her conscious self, just as in real life, so long ago, the thing she called Duty had robbed her of him.

This morning Caroline had lingered at her dressing. She held the little card again in her hands. Just a tiny bit of pasteboard with its beauty already fading. Slowly Caroline walked to her window, Murphy's pond, the moonlight-dozed lake of her dreams was now, by the bright disillusioning light of day, only a muddy, mean little pool in a pasture.

Old Maid Caroline came out of her day-dream.

Mrs. Johnson was still talking. "Now I'd like to see some blue and pink yarn. What should I do, Carline, turn 'em in blue or pink this time?"

There was a sudden interruption to the flow of confidence. Joe hustled in, looking important. He always looked important, but today it seemed he must fairly burst with excitement over the news he carried.

Jake was the half-witted boy who carried the mail from the depot and helped the station agent. He had the proud distinction of being on the pay-roll of the government, and he had a bank-book showing deposits of over two hundred dollars in the savings-bank.

[Turn to page 2.]

The Bull

By MARJORIE L.C. PICKTHALL

Illustrated by James H. Crank

She threw her arm over the throat neck, and she followed her with lowered head, snorting

ALL day the launch had steamed north through the sea-channels. All day the bull had stood in the bows, roared to a treble lashed cross-timber as to a yoke, and the islands had resounded to his angry voice. Sometimes he had strained in a fury against the ropes till the timbers groaned.

Then Lennan turned from the rail and laid a band on the thick, reddish curls beside the horns. The bull's eyes rolled sideling to see this man who did not fear him. He blew through his nostrils and was still.

The launch-hands looked from Lennan to the bull, and said, "There's two of them."

Lennan's hair grew in thick, reddish tufts low over his eyes, which were widely set, dark and of a slow, challenging stare. His shoulders were mighty, he moved deliberately, massively graceful. Men felt in him some smoldering power. They were afraid of him. He had never had a friend. When evening split a yellow flame in the gray fathoms under the launch's forefoot, she turned to her harbor. Lennan saw a wharf, a shed and some log booms grow toward them, gradually becoming visible out of the substance of the forest.

"Some one said to him, 'You taken over Macey's place?'"

"Yes."

"That bull yours?"

"Yes."

"Well, there'll be trouble landin' him, sure."

The bull was to be landed first. When the tug tied up to the wharf, Lennan began to cut the lashings which had captivated all that strength. Men watched in silence, alert to scatter. There was no sound but the sharp whick-whick of the knife among taut ropes.

The bull was motionless. But as the last rope fell, suddenly and monstrously agile, he wheeled from the timber. Lennan was sprawling on the deck. The beast stood an instant, breathing freely of freedom. The tawny sunset clung to his tawny sides; he was like a bull of brass. Then he reared on the rail, his great bulk rubbed through the air, crashed into the sea. A moment, and his head, horned and centered a fume of surf as he swam to shore.

"He's got away on you," breathed the men clustered in a minute along the rail.

LENNAN stood up. His face was reddened, his eyes had lighted forward fires. He strode to the side. Where the bull had plunged, he plunged. He began to swim with strokes that lifted him half-circle of the water.

"Ah-h-b-b!" sighed the watching men.

Lennan gained. He came up with the bull, who swerved from him snorting heavily. Lennan followed. His hand shot out, pressing on the ringed nose. The bull went under, and Lennan followed, holding him there. When the beast rose, he was choking and blinded. He turned; only to meet that grip.

The sea frothed around the mighty struggle, and an endless ring of gold came from it to meet the sunset. The bull's horn had ripped Lennan's shirt to the belt; his tanned body was yellow in the yellow light. It seemed that in the trouble of golden foam, a man of brass fought with a brazen bull.

"Ah-h-b-b!" sighed the men on deck. "He's done." The tide was setting in. The bull's rock under his hoofs and dragged his bulk clear of the sea. Half-drowned, he had no more will to fight; he smashed through the silted mud to the dry land.

Lennan splashed alongside, one hand fast in the noose. The bull looked sideling at him, blowing from his nostrils a bitter spume. Lennan called back to the launch, "Leave my stuff on the wharf, and I'll fetch it up."

The men were silent till one said, "I told you there was two of them. . . ." Then they began to unload the rest of the cargo.

Following the trail to Macey's, Lennan and the bull went on into a deep twilight of cedars. They were hazy no more. They moved like huge imponderable shadows, shaking the boughs.

The trail was a mere tunnel through old slashings. They climbed steadily, leaving the sea. They were wet from the sea, and now the trees began to be green with dew. A cold wind breathed on them from invisible snow peaks. The bull moaned rumblingly.

Behind Macey's place a mountain rose, covered with young burned forest. When they came here, there were stars among the trees on the top, but the early night was clear and green; Lennan could discern half-cleared land, walled fences and a garden all blurred with sword-fern and salmon-berries. He looked for the log house that was to be his home.

He stopped. He had expected no welcome, but someone was there.

A woman stood on the porch, picking roses from a climber that straggled over her. They were white roses.

Little was visible but her hands, moving among them.

Lennan and the bull waited, incredibly still.

When her hands were full, she turned. She had not seen Lennan. Yet now, advancing a little, she said clearly, "Is that you, my dearest?"

Lennan stood motionless. The soft voice went on, with a little laugh, "I've waited so long for you. . . . Now you're come, say, I'm glad to be home. . . ."

"I'm glad to be home," said Lennan. In a moment the bull lowered his head, bowing thunderously. She had been utterly still, staring and dumb; only her hands had opened and let the flowers fall. Lennan, moving toward her out of the night, guessed the white disk of her face sharpened by black panic. Some inner apprehension, rather than light, showed them to each other. Then she was gone. Lennan listened to her flight, like the flight of a bird, beating away into the forest.

Again the bull challenged. Lennan led him to a shed and heaped before him some of the hay Macey had left.

In the morning Lennan fetched up his supplies. Then he began to build a mighty corral for the bull. It took him a long while to cut the timber for this. After that, he mended the house. He could not do much with the land that year. So he found work at a mill ten miles off, and walked in twice weekly to care for the bull. Otherwise the bull was alone with his heap of hay.

EVE, lying awake at night, would hear his great voice rolling among the hills, summoning the herd four hundred miles out of call. Behind her shut eyelids she would see pictures of the bull pacing his corral and challenging the solitude he could not understand. She thought, "Perhaps I understand because I'm lonely too."

"He'll never know who I was!" "I'm glad to be home. . . ." Then, waking, she would hide her face from the night itself, whispering, "But he couldn't see me!"

She lived with her married sister; she had nowhere else to live without loneliness. Her brother-in-law liked to tease her. He said once, "You've had to quit your playin' up at Macey's place."

"Yes," agreed Eve silyly. "I bet you! No stealin' flowers with the new owner around."

"What's his name?" asked Eve. "Lennan. A great bull-back of a feller, with red in his eyes. The boys let him alone. He's marked 'Danger!'"

Eve thought of the man and the bull up there by the mountain—formidable, solitary. She confused them in her dreams. It was Lennan she saw pacing the corral and calling, deep-throated, to the night. Once she woke herself with a cry on her own lips. That night she slept no more. She dreamed to see Lennan, though he could not know.

In that small community she could not avoid him for long. She met him at the store, on the trail, waiting for mail on the wharf. He passed her without a sign of recognition, always with his suggestion of something menacing and alien, always alone. But when she had passed she was aware of his steady regard. . . . She told herself, "He couldn't have seen me."

The forerunning rains came early, deluged the world for a week, and passed in a day of thunder and a double rainbow over Macey's place. The forest sucked the wet audibly, the streams ran full. Plants put forth hurried leaves, rocks greened into a lace of little ferns, quail ran and piped by the raw log of the bull's corral. It was like another spring. Then the clouds gathered again, coming up out of the sea.

The weather broke again; and that day Eve must carry a message to a settler who lived across the mountain. Returning from the burnt bright behind Macey's place, she saw the gray clouds drop lances suddenly to the ocean. She ran, but the rains were quicker. They struck the shore, came inland with a sound of trampling of drums. The forest bowed. Wind and rain struck on her together; in a moment the trail ran fluid under her feet; she battled as if with the wings of implacable angels.

BREATHLESS, she slipped on a stone and fell. She was sootherless; her clothes dragged on her. Her loosened hair covered her eyes. With a small, humble sound of distress, she tried to rise against the rain.

Something light-footed yet ponderous approached her. She heard the rain beat on another body. For an instant she visioned a mist of rain spraying from the bull's shoulders, and covered. Then she knew it was Lennan in an oblique coat.

He said nothing. He stooped and lifted her, and that ease awed her. He carried her silently to the house and set her down in an old chair inside the open door. She cleared the drowned hair from her eyes. She saw a square of gray glitter, and roses above, hanging heavily. Outside was all a roar and a shining of rain. She was in an instant of such quiet she could hear her clothes dripping on the floor. Her breath stilled. The silence became an oppression. She looked up at last into Lennan's face.

Then her pulses raced, hammering shame. For she saw that he knew her. Everything else in a moment was forgotten and out of mind between them. They might have been isled in their little circle on another star.

Lennan started at her beavily, his head lowered, his shoulders swinging a little. He said, "You ain't been for more roses."

Eve's lips moved, but no sound came. He came a pace nearer to her. He said, and she knew that as he said it he became formidable, "Tell me, who was you waiting for at my place, that night I came home?"

"No one. . . ." He put one of his hand, swept her roughly to her feet. "Don't lie to me," he said.

Eve was silent. She lifted her hands and covered her face. Outside, the bull sent a sudden thunder into the rain. Lennan laughed on the same note. He took her into his arms. She gasped, feeling his intolerable strength enfold her. He said in her ear, "Anyway, won't I do as well—for you?" His thought was plain to her. She felt a pain greater than her own fear. She grew cold and still as if she died. Lennan turned her face up to his own.

Then he too grew still. For that yielded face was wet with tears.

Presently he released her. He stood away from her. Eve waited, but there came no word, no sound. And without looking at him, she walked steadily out of the house, under the hammered roses and away into the rain. From the corral the bull watched her, head lowered, shoulders swinging a little, as if ready to charge something that had hurt him. She walked steadily home.

She did not leave her own home for a week. The rain was heavy enough for her excuse.

Later, men began to come in with stories of the great rain; how such a rain was flooding already, such a valley under water and a washout on the line. One said, "There'll be landslides on the mountain after the fire."

Eve's brother-in-law said: "That's why Macey quit. You goin' to warn the new feller?"

No one, it seemed, knew Lennan well enough to warn him.

THOSE days Eve went silent about the house. She was hardly conscious what her own thoughts were, but sometimes she said, "It can't last this way. It can't. . . ." Then one night she woke and knew the rain had stopped. She left her bed and went to the window. The forest was black under stars. Only the mountain behind Macey's was covered with a clinging cloud. It was the one white thing in the dark night, the one mystery where the stars saw everything clear. It seemed there for a purpose, a concealment of some hushed business of the night and the hill. In a moment, in the heat of a pulse, Eve was afraid.

She struck a match and looked at the little clock on the home-made bureau. It was two o'clock. Through the thin partition where the others slept, a child stirred and cried drowsily; Eve instantly blew out the match and dressed herself in the dark. It never occurred to her to wake her sister. Lonely all her life, she must be lonely in this supreme hour. She left without wakening anyone.

She turned up the trail to Macey's place, almost running. She felt confidently that she would find him. Long use made her sure-footed, a queer passion drove her on without pause. She was not thinking clearly; she was past that perhaps about it. If she could have expressed herself, she would have prayed that her flesh might break into wings, so that she might be in time.

THE silence was unbroken. It was as if that white cloud smothered all the normal noises of a forest night. There was a glimmering mound at the head of the trail. The trees were spiked against it as if it were a moon. It drew all the light there was. It drew Eve, as if a wind blew behind her and she were a leaf on the wind.

She was so high now that the sea reached over her across the forest and the stars were near; climbing, climbing to Macey's place; climbing to Lennan. . . . Then she heard a stir. She listened. There was silence on the mountain, in the cloud. But a stone slid near her, something coughed its soft-damp, a puff rang on rock. The deer were going past her, going down to the shore. The deer were leaving the mountain.

She struck her hands on her heart, and climbed and climbed. Here was Macey's old clearing. Here the field. There the great log fence of the bull corral, a darkness in the dark. The anchored cloud towered over her. There—in the shadow of the cloud, under the loveliness of the house. Dark. . . . She set out her hands and began to run.

A rotted rock struck her in the face like a ball of paper, broke, and dashed rain into her eyes. There was the door. She set the best on with her hands and shouted. There was no answer. She flung it open and ran in. She knew instantly that the house was empty, that Lennan was not there. But she went from wall to wall, groping, by the glimmer of the cloud.

He was not there. He was at the shingle-hill. She turned resolutely and followed toward the door. A faint shudder crawled over the timbers of the house. Eve's eyes stared, her hands were over her ears. For that shudder was a sound, only it was too large for the hearing.

It became a wave that broke on her and rocked the house like a ship. It became a weight that crushed her to the floor. She lay there, dazed. She thought it was the cloud had fallen. She moaned, "Lift it off me. It's so white—so white."

A while later she lifted her head. She knew what had happened. She was not afraid any more. She felt that she would never again be afraid of anything in the world; so had her spirit grown.



He became formidable. "Tell me. Who was you waiting for at my place, that night I came home?"

She went to the door, surprised to find herself staggering with nervous weakness. The house was not touched. The edge of the landslip had swept past it. The clearing was heaped with wreckage as if a tide had been there. The sharp black angle of the corral was a huddle of sticks and rocks. Eve struggled toward the corral through shallow mud and quivering rubbish and entered it.

After a while she saw the bull. He was pressed against the fence nearest the house. His head was lowered as if he would charge her. But she was no longer afraid. Pity had become so deep it was strength. She could discern his sides heaving, his breath steamed white in the chill. Eve said, with a kind of surprise, "Why, he's scared!"

She laid her hand on his head where the stiff red curls were wet with dew. He rumbled in his throat, and cowered toward her gently. "Yes," she said, "there may be another slide. You better come along with me. She threw her arm over the great neck, and he followed her with lowered head, snorting. The touch of the damp hide was pleasant to her, and the mighty warred beneath it.

They went down the trail together. To one side lay the track of the landslip, as if a plough had passed over the slopes. The trail was strewn with wreck, as foam strewn a beach after a high tide. The bull trod down the edge, crashed through the scattered saplings, and Eve followed in the track he made.

THEY went by a wider spread of earth, a raw wound ploved bare. The starlight shone on it as peacefully as if it had been there always. Suddenly the bull stopped, lowered his head, and breathed rumblingly at something which lay there, half buried in soil, a few yards from the trail. It was the body of a man.

Eve knew that now for her the night's purpose was over. Without speaking he gazed at her; heavily, menacingly. She waited. The man raised to her a chalk-white, furrowed face, and she knew it was Lennan.

Without speaking he gazed at her; heavily, menacingly. But she was done with being afraid. She moved toward him. And then he shouted at her, "Keep back!"

"What am I to do?" she said.

"I don't know. Don't step off the trail. It's soft here. Like mud. You'd sink, too."

"Are you hurt bad?"

"I don't think so. But it caught me. I can't get free. I was walkin' in late. To feed the bull. It caught me." His words came in furious jerks. He was buried to the lower ribs. He sank his head on his arms as if exhausted, beaten. He jerked, "I can't get away," and struggled, panting till his breath shone white in the chill. He beat wildly with his hands at the soft, clogging, overwhelming stuff that had rolled him in there, entrapped him so that his strength was useless. Eve thought, with a kind of wonder, "Why, he's scared!"

She said, "Have you a rope?"

"A bit of one," answered Lennan sullenly. "I been tryin' to cast a loop over a rock or a stump, but it's too short."

"Throw it to me," said Eve. "—and your knife, if you can get it."

He threw her the rope. He managed to die his knife out of his belt and threw her that. He said uncertainly, "Each time I move, it gets me in deeper."

Eve had on a stout old homespun skirt and jacket. She took these off, alt though it was raining, and twisted and knotted together. One hand she left at its width, about nine inches, only knotting the ends. She worked very quickly and surely. She half stripped herself to make her rope long enough. Even her knitted stockings she took off and knotted together. Her feet and arms shone white as she moved in the dark. Lennan said, "It's long enough now."

Eve answered almost gaily: "I want a double rope. It ain't me will do this hauling!" She had now a broad band of homespun with a good ten feet of queer rope tied on at each end. She tested it once or twice. It was strong. She tied sticks to each end. The bull was near her, cowed by the terror of the night. She struck him suddenly on the flank, and he wheeled with his back to Lennan. She slipped the broad band of homespun across his chest. The ends she managed to toss to Lennan. The sticks fell within his reach, he drew them toward him and twisted the ropes round his hands. This tightened the lines. The bull felt the pull of them and swung anxiously. The band slipped on his chest. He backed, snorting.

Eve flung herself on him. She pressed her slight shoulder to his, trying to make him advance. She caught up a stake and beat him. She took stones and pounded his flanks. She cried out queer ropes tied on at each end. She tested it once or twice. It was strong. She tied sticks to each end. The bull was near her, cowed by the terror of the night. She struck him suddenly on the flank, and he wheeled with his back to Lennan. She slipped the broad band of homespun across his chest. The ends she managed to toss to Lennan. The sticks fell within his reach, he drew them toward him and twisted the ropes round his hands. This tightened the lines. The bull felt the pull of them and swung anxiously. The band slipped on his chest. He backed, snorting.

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[From page 32]

A Chronicle of a Little Town, Little Sorrows and Little Joys—But a Great Novel, Nevertheless, of America Today



"Besides, there's the boy—the big incentive in my life." A tender look crossed her face. "That's why I want to succeed—so he will not mourn his father's indifference"

Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley
Author of "A Woman's Woman," "The Gorgeous Girl," etc.
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Part Three

DURING the trip, Jones realized his own awkwardness as contrasted with the assurance of his fellow travelers. The process of mixing with a pleasure-seeking crowd was something like developing an apparently uninteresting camera film. As the chemical-soaked brush passes over it, strange objects are brought to light. So with Jones' personality.

He played shuffleboard rather deftly by the time they were six days out, was prominent in arranging the ship's concert, acted as gallant escort to the dowagers who called him "that amiable young man—also an esteemed art dealer," and was found talking with men in easy fashion.

There was a girl on board, Alice North, who did more for Jones than all the others. She was going out to marry a missionary in Japan. Jones resembled this fortunate person, she confided, and she decided she would "play with him" if he did not object. She, in turn, taught him "to play" nicely, just as the girl in the red tulle frock taught him otherwise. His mother had inspired him to achieve material and intellectual success, his sisters had taught him unkindliness, but this girl with her happy, well-bred atmosphere made him long to love and marry just such a girl and become part of the social pattern as well as the commercial.

Jones ambled after her obediently. The passengers called her a flirt—engaged to a missionary, too. It was not fair to monopolize the most interesting bachelor aboard. But Miss North refused to share her find. She scolded him prettily for not helping her into her chair properly, made him rearrange her cushions and rug and actually had him strumming a ukulele while she sang.

When Alice North wore a startling blue crêpe cross-stitched with brilliant butterflies and informed him this was a frock from which she expected to get little mileage, Jones recalled his mother's worries lest a gown might not wash well. He contrasted the blue crêpe with Pat's florid creations or the cheap finery of the girls he had known. Alice North even shared her ideals and secret hopes with this lonely, interesting chap in order to make him realize that all work and no play make Jack not only a dull boy but very often a vicious one. By the time she left the steamer she had him well in hand. He took her address that he might call on her on his way home.

"Good-by, Mr. Brynht," she said as they parted. "I shall tell Frank everything we have done and how you

DESTROY a young man's instinct to follow his own home and family? Jones Brynht, the third, was the grandson of an English immigrant who married a German servant girl. He was determined that his family should be "Up and Coming." Jones, the second, was an unworthy son but had sufficient intelligence to persuade Martha, a teacher of a far finer caliber than himself, to marry him. Martha's three children—Marian, the student; Patricia, the beauty; and Jones, the dreamer—grew up tolerant of their lazy father and affectionately critical of their hard-working mother.

After college, Jones, the third, returned to his home town to continue, single-handed, the building of the Brynht fortunes.

played understudy. He won't mind. He'll just laugh. You see, to be even a missionary, one must know how to laugh. So you'll learn to laugh, won't you? For you're on the road to becoming modestly great if only you discover a sense of values."

With the exception of this sudden friendship, Jones' winter was spent busily plying his trade. He did well, both for the firm and himself. He found a rare treasure for Mr. Hamlin—a shrub of lapia lauli. Another precious purchase was a glorious cork carved from amethyst, a third a Chinese gambling table and chairs, hundreds of years old. Ancient jade buckles, paintings on silk and curious bracelets were stored in his trunks for special customers, besides the merchandise he had shipped direct to the store. But most marvelous of all was a priceless peachbloss vase upon which he stumbled and which he bought for a song.

He took time to look up Alice North, only to find she had gone into the hills with her husband for an indefinite period. He left her a wedding gift of Chinese splendor and went regretfully on his way. He had been curious to see this missionary who knew how to laugh and who resembled himself!

Coming home, heavy weather kept the passengers more or less below. Jones devoted himself to sketching out articles for various journals interested in similar art lines. He was conscious that he had begun to readjust his sense of values. He was convinced he must marry and settle in a home of his own.

He planned to have his mother and Pat stay in the apartment; they should have every comfort he could give. But he, too, had a right to his life, a life apart from theirs.

True, there was only a dream girl in his plans—someone like Alice North, fun-loving, gentle, kind of heart. Someone who would understand the history of the Brynhts and be big enough not to harbor superior judgments. The letters reaching him had told of but one change at home. Pat had left her son and come to Chicago as apprentice in a beauty parlor. Martha expressed both satisfaction and concern over this event. Pat liked neither the drudgery of a house nor the detail of raising a child. Her care of Owen was anything but proper, according to her mother. The Chicago beauty parlor was conducted by a woman Pat had met when she was first married and living in a hotel. The woman, who had always liked her, offered to have her live with her and pay her five dollars a week while she was learning—a fair offer, Martha thought. It would be six months before Pat was an efficient operator, and it might be a year before she could start into business for herself. Martha knew Jones would read between the lines; Jones must finance the new venture.

She says she had her experience—with the neighbors watching, too, for being. Also, she is more level-headed than I ever gave her credit for a reconciliation, but she will have nothing to do with him. The woman who has the beauty shop says she is so wonderful to look at, with her pink-and-white skin, that she is an asset to the business. As for Marian, she prefers New England to home. She may be in love, for she wears new glasses and admits to wearing French heels! You know how reserved she is—less her heart! What wonderful children God sent me. Jones and you, my firstborn, how would I ever endure without you?

Everyone knows of your trip and success. The papers have mentioned where you are from time to time—I guess Mr. Hamlin sees to that. He is a very nice man and a cad, but shaw! he said you must me to have them on my birthday. The shawl is too



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Jones went over to the window. Marian, busied with her own thoughts, did not notice his silence

As she talked, Jones, with an artist's imagination and sympathy, realized the dilemma, a dilemma confronting too many others. Educated beyond drudgery and impoverished in purse, these college men and maids were obliged to hide their time until the first flush of romance had died and with it a certain joy. Then they might solemnly unite pocketbooks as well as lives. It was not fair, Jones argued, there was something pathetic in his sister's unspoken appeal. She was no longer the clever bluestocking living "for culture's sake" as her mother said, but a beautiful woman, in love with the right man, whose future was jeopardized by the lack of money.

He asked pertinent questions about Varley's people, were they cordial regarding the engagement? Ah, that was nice. They did not know about Grandfather Byngnigh's being a caddy carpenter, but she had been honest concerning her father and mother. They knew her sister had a divorce and was taking a course in beauty culture—this had mildly entertained them. And she had told a great deal about Jones; they were anxious to meet this successful, college-bred man who had been sent to the Orient. Only money was needed! The family were willing to give them some blue china and a spinning-wheel when the happy day for housekeeping arrived, but, alas, they had nothing more to offer.

"I never told about mother's struggle," Marian added softly, "to bring us up."
"To bring us up to snuff, you should have said," Jones corrected, enjoying her confusion. "That is the way she said it. Can't you remember the dining-room on Elm Street, say of a winter evening when father was out and we sat about the red-checked cloth-covered table to study or play games? I can see mother now, sewing away at something which was to bring home more divots and listening to our lessons or our telling her the day's happenings, and she would sit working, working until long after we said good night!"

He stopped suddenly, as if regretting the reverie. There were tears in Marian's eyes.

"How true," she said, "yes, that was mother! But the Varleys would not understand as we do. I would never try to tell them. And I must start in teaching and not thinking of marriage—mother has done enough. Why should I marry the first moment I'm able to be self-supporting and can pay back!"

Jones went over to the window. Marian, busied with her own thoughts, did not notice his silence. In that important moment, he was thinking of all his mother had done as compared with all Marian was renouncing and all Pat was going to need. He was the one to see that each received their due portion.

He craved love. He was the sort of man who could be dissolute with numberless women if life forbade his loving the one woman! Already his cheap affairs were indicative of this drifting! He almost loathed himself because he was not an emotionless manikin, successful in business and the social world. Why was he so contemptible as to want to say to his sister:

"Very well, be engaged, grow withered of heart, blither of hope, become a grind, stoop-shouldered, bereft of decent emotional impulses."

Or why did he not say to his mother: "I wish my own home, my wife. Your place is not with me."

And inform Pat: "You made your mistakes—correct them as others are obliged to do."
Even as he wondered, he knew he would not desert them, that his money would be spent in starting Pat's business and helping Marian's marriage, keeping his mother serene as the presiding spirit of his home. Perhaps this was weakness on his part but it was none the less inevitable. There was a strange flash of resentment toward all good, helpless women who had to be shielded and provided for, no matter what the cost. His problem was to become content, divert the strong current of normal longing into his work.

He turned back to Marian. "My dear girl, plans are well enough. But when two persons love each other as you and your professor appear to be doing, there is

usually an elopement whether the family bankroll is ample or no. You don't suppose I'll let you starve of heart while you overwork your brain for five long years! It is not necessary."

"But we've saved nothing," she confessed. "It will be hard—Robert longs so for a home! It is such a wonderful thing to have someone want you to be his homemaker."

"I have some money I never expected to have, don't really need." He explained about the trip and its benefits.

MARIAN'S eyes opened in wonder and longing. "You mean you will have ten thousand dollars," she said. "Way—it is a fortune! Does mother know?"

"Not yet; I want her to be surprised," he said wearied in explaining the thing; he wanted to have it done with Marian married and away, that duty wiped off his list of obligations.

"But you must not spend any on me—there is Pat and her baby. You are not in love, though, are you? No, I can see by your eyes. Then it is easy to think of someone else first. This selfishness of people who are in love is horrible—yet I'm glad I'm selfish, glad I'm in love!"

"Your happiness will be my reward," he said gravely, "some day I'll come visit you and give you Chinese things to counteract the effect of blue and white china and a spinning-wheel. And when I do come walking in with a boo'd lady all my own, you must get down on your knees and proclaim her as such! Now dry your eyes and write this learned man of love and letters that your brother insists he marry you by Christmas at the latest. How do you think he'll take such a command?"

Marian was kissing him, soft, careless embraces. "You darling"—forgetting her usual reserve—"I'm dizzy. Pinch me to make sure it is not a dream!"

"Don't waste kisses," he advised a trifle ironically, "name the first boy after me instead! Let us be practical and plan. I will start you off with four thousand. Can you manage to win Dan Cupid with that amount?"

[Turn to page 3.]



Clean clothes and health are playmates

Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, and the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, *sanitary*.

The Fels-Naptha "soap—soak—rinse" method (rubbing very soiled parts) simplifies the summer-clothes problem for all the family. You can wash even your lingerie and sheerest silk stockings more frequently, with perfect safety and less effort with Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get the genuine *sanitary* soap—Fels-Naptha. It *holds* the naptha until released by the wash-water for the attack on dirt! Directions printed inside the wrapper.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes gray dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them clean. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.



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Philadelphia

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

American Women

(Continued from page 3)



Meat for your children

Millions of children are eating Swift's meat every day.

This means that a great responsibility rests on us.

Do you realize what we do to keep it clean—to make sure that it is pure and wholesome?

In the first place, before the animals are brought into the plant to be dressed, every appliance is drenched and sluiced with hot water and steam, and every room into which the meat will be taken is scrupulously cleaned.

Before the workmen come onto the floors, they change to outer clothing worn only in the plant and washed in the plant laundry.

The animals are closely examined by United States government inspectors, to make certain that they are sound.

Throughout the operations that follow, there is an abundance of fresh, clean water. "Fountain brushes," with a continuous flow of water between their bristles, are used freely.

The meat is placed in clean, sweet coolers, after government employes have again inspected it carefully.

The refrigerator cars in which the meat is shipped are always scoured with scalding water before they are iced and loaded.

Whenever you see Swift & Company meat—"Premium" Ham, "Premium" Bacon, "Premium" Frankfurts, fresh cuts—think of all these precautions that have been taken to keep it pure and sweet for your children and for yourselves.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



followed every detail of the political events at home and abroad when we were in and out of office—left as I was from ten in the morning till past midnight—we could never have held the unbroken partnership that we have shared during the last twenty-eight years.

Kennicott was also to blame for treating the breeding of children as you would the buying of pictures, waiting until he was rich enough to afford them. This may have been the key to all Carol's restlessness, and I have words in which express my disgust at such abominable self-indulgence. The question of when or whether you will add to your nursery has ever been a difficult one to a certain sort of person. I am not competent to judge, as had I been of a different nature and constitution, I would like to have had twelve children. Judging by my experience, large families are the best preparatory schools. Their country fun, early adventures, and even violent quarrels, bequeath mutual memories which delight and enrich the whole of life. Neither money, brains nor achievement can give you this. It is the nations of unrestricted population that govern the world, and since the poor never hesitate to befriend and even adopt their needy neighbors' children, I think the rich might do better than look upon a family as an encumbrance.

If I had the wit I would like to write a novel in which the husband and wife were so attached to each other that they determined after their first baby not to add to their nursery anything which might interfere with either their pursuits or affection. I should make it abundantly clear that this was not the woman's fault. The child, spoilt and beloved of both its parents, died, and in the agency of her grief the mother took a temporary dislike to her husband, which, though controlled to all appearances, succeeded in the permanent cooling of their intimacy.

As far as I have observed, the American women vary in no ways from our own in their devotion to their children, and—unless among the rich—have large families. The London Americans I have known, with the exception of few, have not been successful mothers, but one might say the same of British mothers. Of all arts the most difficult of attainment is perfect motherhood, for just as birds must leave the nest, our children have to leave us, and to be sure of the moment when you must check your own authority to encourage their friends, it needs a devotion and self-sacrifice that none but those who have experienced it can discuss.

There seems to be a notion in certain circles in America that the length of women's dresses is a moral issue. I am glad to know that this point of view is scorned by the majority. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The short skirts that have been in vogue for some time are a result of the reaction against war and the sorrows that accompany it. After every war there is a reaction against the anxiety, misery and constraint that go with it. Youth, in every country, has a natural tendency to become gay, more full of color, and to fight restriction after mourning.

Smoking, and cigarette-smoking by women in particular, seems to be a moral issue over here. I understand that there is a campaign to rival the prohibition of alcohol in the matter. In some Western states, I am told, the prohibition of tobacco is already an accomplished fact. This is a very dangerous and stupid interference with personal liberty, and is not justified by the physical harm that may accompany smoking. It is foolish to consider smoking in itself as an evil. Smoking to excess is an evil; eating potentia, drinking tea, or sleeping too much is an evil, and I dare say, these extremes claim more victims than cigarette-smoking. I observe every day people suffering from obesity and dyspepsia. Yet nobody so far has proposed to prohibit potatoes, tea, or overeating.

In one of the cities where I went I had a letter from a man who said: "Everything you say is, to my mind, perfectly true. I know you smoke cigarettes and drink tea. I implore you not to."

This constant desire to eliminate harmless enjoyment is unscientific, dangerous and damaging to individual liberty.

In the hands of the Victorian Jubilee the Queen suggested that all the prisoners in every jail in England should be allowed to smoke. The Home Secretary, who is our Minister of Interior, consulted Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise, who objected. He said that it was more cruel to let the men smoke for one day than not to let them smoke at all, and the idea was given up. There were seven years in my mind when I was too ill to smoke, and when you think how many healthy men and women there are in the world who enjoy smoking, I do not think we need exercise our minds or our money upon the subject.

It is a platitude to say that directly anything is forbidden it is human nature to want to do it. I said to my daughter Elizabeth, who is a great reader: "I don't forbid you to read that book; I only suggest that you might like it more, and understand it better, if you waited till you get older to read it."

Prohibition is a very different thing to temperance and because it is interference. It is the imposition by force of what you are not willing to accept on its merits. Freedom is a great truth and truth is freedom. "The Truth shall make you free," St. John said; and it is among the great truths of the Bible.

Everyone interprets Freedom differently. I dare say the Conservative Party claims that they believe in Freedom as much as Labor or Liberal but, as a matter of fact, their principles preached on every platform do not encourage Imperialism necessitates Militarism, Protection means Interferences, and Socialism is the most arbitrary of Autocracies. The truth is a more difficult matter to deal with. Some people have no Truth to tell, other do not tell it, and the majesty of mankind do not perceive it. Most women are conservatives and, whether from an inborn feeling of self-defense or for what other reason, I have found them as truthful as myself. As I said in a character sketch of men, I have no templates to tell lies. Truth is not a virtue with me, it is a peculiarity.

Every profession is open to women. She can be a lawyer, a policeman, a preacher or a politician. I observe that there are a few of these new opportunities may suit women upon home life, but in the present state of the world's finance it is not easy to lay down rules. Women have a further difference between men and women that will not be overcome by education, or by the removal of any other obstacle.

You need no education to be a poet: Keats was the son of an ostler, and Turner was the son of a carpenter. It takes no physical strength to become a composer, or classical education to become a dramatist. Miss Ethel Smythe has written operas, the Duchess of Rutland has made a wonderful statue of her little son, but a woman has the same qualities as men, worth, Wagners, Sargents or Shakespeares among women.

There is little in novel-writing. No man has written with quite the same finesse, elegance, idleness and sense of humor as Jane Austen, and innumerable other names could be added to hers, both in America, France and England.

There are also women doctors and surgeons. Some of the most famous figures on the stage have been women, and in America today there are ten great actresses to one in England. I have no knowledge of women architects: there may be many, but I have not seen any. Lady Lever (wife of the late Sir Herbert) would be the woman I would go to if I was planning to build a new house, but all I know is much of the beauty of modern architecture in the United States—ininitely superior to anything I have seen. I have been inspired by the American woman.

There is one large branch of beneficent duty in which men will never compete with women, and that is nursing. This may not sound as grand as the other arts mentioned, but it is in some ways the finest of them all. I have often wondered what it is that makes my sex choose sickening, dreary, and often painful work in tenderness, and certainly not in physical strength, but I very much doubt if they are kind of men who would care to sit up night after night looking after rich and poor, black and white, whimsical, dreary, suffering and dying men, women and children.

Some may be inspired by religion, others by a high sense of duty and men of natural predilection, but from whatever the motive the result is the same: nursing the sick is a kind of priestly duty and one of those which are taken and kept in this poorly paid profession full me with admiration.

I cannot speak of home life in America, because I have not seen enough of it. The development of family life is impaired by the men's being preoccupied with money. Also movies, "player pianos," "talking machines" and the difficulty of exchanging ideas with the wives mate against the kind of partnership that con-

[Turn to page 22]



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for house, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.



*They are not Keds unless
the name Keds is on the shoe*



The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and make patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles.



One of the newest Keds for girls and women. With either white or colored trimming. Well construction, composition sole.

A popular pump for girls and women. With or without strap. With or without heel. Also on Velcro last for children.



Every child and grown-up can now enjoy the comfort boys have always known

FOR years boys have delighted in "sneakers" or "tennis shoes." Unconsciously they were choosing the shoes that were anatomically right for their feet.

The muscles of the feet, we know now, grow stronger naturally in flexible shoes—the best prevention for fallen arches and the foot troubles so common today.

A well known orthopedic physician has said: "The low-heeled canvas rubber-soled shoe is the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time."

Indeed a blessing for all. The big development of the Keds line, with rubber-soled canvas shoes for every need, has made it possible for the entire family to enjoy the comfort and healthful foot freedom that boys have always known.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. The canvas is fine and strong. The soles are of tough springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations and are made as durable as our long

years of experience have taught us to make them.

The construction throughout, in such details as stitching, reinforcing and vulcanizing, has been perfected with the purpose of combining greatest strength with most attractive appearance.

Keds are trim and shapely—smart models for girls and women to wear with dainty dresses, others rugged enough for the hard wear of playing children.

There are many kinds of Keds in addition to the well-known "tennis" shoes—pumps with low heels, oxfords, high shoes and low—all made of canvas with rubber soles. For men, women and children.

If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish he can get them for you. But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for free copy to Dept. T-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

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Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

American Women

[Continued from page 20]

tributes to the making of a perfect home. It was from what I am told that in the west and middle west home life is as fine and genuine as ours. Hayrides, flowers, sports and games contribute with us against life spent in cities. Competition in conversations, discussion, disagreement and interest in foreign affairs encourage ideas, and I think the development of mechanical modes of entertainment, and perpetual gossip upon the telephone disturb the unity of family life.

You cannot hurry a punctual earth, and hurry is a curse. Interest is not the same as curiosity, and listening mobilizes your thoughts. Few of us give ourselves time to listen, and the expressionists go too quick to attend to all that is said. Intellectual ambition needs serenity, and the average woman, if she is clever, is apt to be more intelligent than intellectual. This is not peculiar to America; it is much the same all over the world. A noisy mind is a serious drawback both in public and in private life, and though it may be entertaining it is exhausting. Most of us patronize the poor, and few of us listen to children, and yet both can give us food for thought that neither the reading of books nor the learning at colleges can ever supply.

Children are learning all the time; we are not. Most people are stationary after the age of forty, whereas you should plant yourself in a bigger pot every year. When your parents are dead, and your husband is accustomed to you, who is there to tell you where you are going wrong? I do not mean morally wrong, because friends and enemies combine to advertise all your wrong entries, but who is there that will love you enough to suggest that you are not making the most of your life.

I have had wonderful friends from my youth upward, to wit: John Morley, John Addington Symonds, old Lady Wemyss Gladstone and Arthur Ballou, but the friends I owe most to are my son Anthony and my sister Lucy William Smith. They are constantly prompting me to exert more forbearance, patience and self-control. My unquenchable vitality and moral ambition are undisciplined, and as you grow older the tact and indifference of the people you meet do nothing to improve you. "If Winter Comes" has filled me with courage and hope and will do the same to any reader who studies it.

Women do not have an easy time in life, whether they are born in America or in any other country.

I AM constantly asked what effect I think women's votes will have upon the politics of the future in America and in England. My husband and I were against extending the vote to women, and were in consequence persecuted by the suffragettes. An eager and enterprising reporter in a city I visited published a statement that one of my children had been killed by a stone thrown by a militant suffragette. This was a good example of the overstatement that prevails in the American press; but our existence at the time of the controversy was not rendered either more secure or peaceful by the surveillance of detectives from Scotland Yard, or the sticks, stones, axes and dog-whips with which these earnest ladies armed themselves. "*Suffragette et les siens ne changent jamais*," and we are now completely converted to the woman voter.

My husband's return for Paisley was largely influenced by the woman's vote, but in Scotland they are highly educated. A factory girl asked me one day in the yard of a cotton mill what I thought of Czechoslovakia. I doubt if many ladies in the west end of London could have given a satisfactory answer. Possibly in New York or Boston they would have known better. The system of education in my country has always been advanced. When I was a little girl, they sent a shepherd on the moor next to ours in Peebleshire to teach French, and when the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, came to London on a private visit, his gentleman-in-waiting—a splendid old man—told me the following story:

He and the Prince lunched with us in Downing Street. The old girl—sat upon my right, and asked me what my nationality was. I told him I was born at Glen in the Lowlands of Scotland. He said that when he had accompanied the Crown Prince Frederick to Balmoral on a visit to Queen Victoria, upon their arrival at Perth station there had been some muddle over the royal luggage, and the station master, who was much worried, had demanded to see Grant.

"I went up to him, Mrs. Asquith, and said, 'I am the man you are looking for,' at which he said: 'I am very glad to know you, sir. Your father wrote a life of Luther, did he not?'"

"I told him that was so, and was surprised that he had read it, for, between

ourselves, it was a book that had no circulation, and as it was never translated he must have read it in German."

Conductism is an important question over here. I know nothing about it, but was reminded of a story my father told about a neighbor of ours, the Peabodys. Sir Adam Hay had a stupid little boy who, on several of the examinations pleased his parents by telling them he had been second on more than one occasion. Lady Hay, who had no illusions as to the mental equipment of her son, asked him how many there were in the class, to which he replied:

"Me and a lassie."

The education over here seems to be extremely good, but I notice many of the young people wear spectacles. I wonder if this is because of the heat of the rooms in which they live or from not having as much out-of-door life as we have. I have not sufficient knowledge to write upon education, but I do not think the average woman in America is taught foreign languages any more than we are in England. The upper classes among women are well taught. They speak perfect French, whereas we do not. They travel more than we do, and have a way of sending their children to live in France and Germany, which we do not American girls do to home.

THE common girl usually goes to school, and though this is becoming daily more fashionable in England, it has not been a general practice. As boys or German governesses has been an education, and I would never have sent a girl of mine to school. This is a purely personal prejudice, but I think parting with one's daughters does not promote the unity of family life, and no prowess in hockey, or winning of scholarships could ever make up for this.

I do not think the males rosis to the same degree as the females of my acquaintance: there is more competition in out-door pursuits—cricket, football, racquet tennis, and the mother seldom excel. If it is a question of knowing the physical facts of fact womanhood, I prefer they should be taught in a noble manner by the mother, rather than by a school mistress or the fledgling in the dormitory. The idea of education for girls is to have the companionship of interesting and amusing people, who will play with them love and counsel, or, at least, to classes in the cities. There must be some means of developing a woman's mind and character by cramming her to pass examinations. The most awkward problem for every mother is the education of her girls, whether they be American or European.

I am against young marriages because the children demand such enormous personal sacrifices, and the mother has to realize that while she is growing all the time, she has to share her child's life. This entails much that she never thought of when she married. She has not only to keep in close touch with her nursery and schoolroom, but to make herself interesting and amusing to compete with the young male and female friends that her daughter is likely to make as she grows older.

Although we have not been given communicable lives, we cannot govern our children after their own, sudden whims, learn to make ourselves their greatest friends. This takes time and needs perpetual self-discipline.

The idea that my sex were only fit to make Jan or rear children—the opposite of woman's suffrage—was very enough to imply—met with deserved hostility: but I still question whether a perfect lawyer, stunner and a perfect mother could be much to civilization as a perfect mother.

A question that exercises all the reporters that I have seen is, "What do you think of flappers?"

I can only talk of the flappers I have seen in the United States. They may be perfectly harmless, but such as I have met are noisy, flashy and ignorant. They paint themselves and their own, sudden whims, legs that are shapely enough to show, and if they are interviewers I can never understand why any editor would want to ask insane and impudent questions of people of intelligence. They may be responsible for the conspiracy to make the American man, but this does not console me for their lack of sensitiveness and the state of exasperation in which they live. With the exception of four or five delightful women, the female reporters that have questioned me are all of the surface intellect for lunacy to work upon.

My readers will say that my short visit to the United States has not given me much knowledge of Americans: this is true, but it has given me a great desire to know them better and I have had enough time in which to learn to love them.

[Margot Asquith will tell what she thinks of American Men in the August McCall's.]

There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But too much oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

WITH warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold; the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

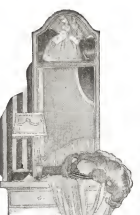
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A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
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- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love Today"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1507 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Dutch & Co., 4 Leinster Square, London, E. C. 4.



Judgments of West Paradise

(Continued from page 10)

hastened his departure to the training-camp for which he had enlisted, seemed to Jud further proof of his guilt.

Jud made his decision. He would give Larry his chance to fight for his country and perhaps to be killed. And if Larry came back alive, then he would have to keep the secret. Dan was one of those honest, freckle-faced boy-honors who could be trusted. Jud promised him the schooling he had longed for, and got him out of town. To Larry himself, Jud said, "I'm sorry, and the letters which Larry wrote back home were incredibly boyish and innocent."

How West Paradise hit upon Jud the murderer and how suspicion grew until even the old neighbors, who had once sworn by him, turned against him, offers an interesting example of the judgments of society. The whisper had started from Jerome Keefe. Who would profit by the murder of Todd Calkins? asked Keefe. Jud had come into his uncle's property and what little money he had. The money orders which he sent regularly to Dan Barker, could they be hush money? Sick at heart as he was over Larry, Jud, the aspect of a man who carried a load upon his conscience, and besides, he offered no defense of himself.

Now West Paradise was proud of Larry Calkins. And when Larry was tragically killed and his name was gold-starred in the list in the town hall, Jud took it so stoically that the good people of West Paradise pronounced him *hara*.

From the first, Jud had accepted his own hermit part, and with the appearance of the gold star that became to him the symbol of his brother's expiation for his crime, he settled permanently into the role of Larry's shield. If the inner man had, at first, revolved at the injustice of his position, all that was gone. Public opinion is a mighty hydropist, and a thing thought too much enough becomes very nearly true; and righteous indignation peters out under the continued condemnation of long years, especially if a man stands aloof with no one to bolster his faith in himself. If Jud was not guilty, he came to look guilty. His face, always homely in repose, with nothing definitely wrong about it except a smile too wide, had become sunny, and his hair, which in the old days was a rich smooth and fine, blue eyes. But at thirty-eight his mouth had hardened to a stern line, and although the eyes were still blue, you seldom saw him, for he walked with his head forward and a word would without looking up.

The thing that hurt Jud worst was a cringer. Every youngster and every crony in West Paradise had been wont to hail him as "Grampa" Jud in those other days, a nickname which he had never truly bestowed upon him for the way he had fussed over and coddled his kid brother. After the murder, they called him usually to call him plain Jud Calkins, and Jud Calkins is a harsh name, and it was harsher as they said it. He still winced under it.

THE morning Mellee was feverish and still delirious, so that Jud set out by a short cut for Doctor Traphagen, an easy-going elephant of a man who declared that Mellee's trouble was malnutrition and overwork and a bad case of nerves.

"She ought to have a woman in to take care of her," Jud petitioned. "I'll pay good if you've got anyone, Doc."

"Ha? My two nurses are on the job. I'll see what can be done." He was vague, pleasant.

Nothing else was done, and the result was that Jud himself nursed Mellee through a dragging illness that threatened brain fever. And, afterward son of the soil that he was, he did a good job of it. He poured into his mother's old cook-books for things nourishing and delicate for invalids, made his foamy egg-nog, and cooked her with chicken broth in his mother's best china cups. Patiently he sat beside her while she tossed and muttered rapid incoherencies about Jerome Keefe and Mr. O'Granger and clothes that broke at the crucial moment. When she called him to turn and begged him to draw the shade lighter to keep them from spying in on her, he humored her, and tried to do for her the little things her mother would have done. When the delirium passed, and she lay quiet, Jud stood sometimes and wondered at the incongruity of her ever having done washings. "She'd never weigh ninety pounds," he muttered. Great eyes, puffy, black, and a skin dead white against a mat of dark hair, straight and very fine. . . .

There was not a coarse thing about her except her swollen red hands set on wrists too frail.

She was staring up at him without curiosity, and Jud smiled at her, his old, slow, heart-warming smile. She blinked and curled her bare feet comfortably. Mellee accepted Jud and his care of her

without question. "You've got to think of me as a sort o' big brother," he had explained with some embarrassment, and Mellee accepted his care as she had her mother's.

When Jud could leave her for a few hours at a time, he returned to his neglected crops and dug into the business of making a living for two. On his first trip down-town, he became aware that public sentiment was stronger than ever against him. They looked at him with new interest or contempt, according to their natures. For the first time in years, he flung back his head and faced them, for himself it did not matter what they said, but for Mellee it did matter.

ON the morning of his second trip to town, Jud stopped with his load of fresh vegetables at Jerome Keefe's general store. Keefe made an absurd offer for the vegetables.

"But, good heavens, that wouldn't pay for the flour and sugar I'm needin'!" "Take it or leave it," shrugged Keefe. "Beggars can hardly be choosers. I understand you and the fair Mellee—"

Jud jerked himself straight. "You cut that!" he ordered between his teeth. Half a dozen people gawping in the store stared at this suddenly electrified Jud who had been a sagging, guilty Jud a moment before. He had been deliberately and deliberately a swarthy fellow, beavy with good living. He came of a tough family up Rock Creek. He was a man of the world, and had become the influential citizen, through brazen profligating and crooked politics.

"You're a damned bully," concluded Jud, loud enough for all to hear. "And the first man that makes light o' Mellee Keefe's mouth, I'll be sure to get an answer to it, and I'm not feelin' huke-warm on the subject either!"

Keefe's mouth twitched. "You're a dangerous man to the community, Jud Calkins," he retorted, with an attempt at sternness.

"You bet I'm a dangerous man," answered Jud grimly, "and don't you forget it." He said and swung away.

Jud went to each of the other four grocery stores in West Paradise, and each grocer, in turn, pretended to be well-supplied. Jud had been blacklisted.

The following morning, he set out early for the town hall, and found a man in his garden truck at a fair price. But he knew that he could not often spare the time to go to the town hall. The fight was on. Jud began to feel the pinch of store needs which he could not satisfy; yet in spite of everything, he was happier than he had ever been.

Melée was gaining strength rapidly these days. She fussed about the house, and order descended miraculously upon the bachelor clutter of things. She fought shy of the streets, but when Jud urged her to stay outdoors more, she trailed him in the fields and sat near him in the sun while he worked.

For the first time Jud was short of money to send to young Dan Barker. He put off writing Dan in the vain hope that some method of raising money would occur to him. Meantime, between his trips to the store, he watched helplessly the rotting of the tomatoes and the aging of the beans and lettuce for which he no longer had a daily market.

ON an evening in mid-August, Jud turned wearily homeward from a discouraging interview with the mayor of West Paradise. In past years, Daly had always struck a bargain with him for the use of the town hall. But on that night Jud had been unable to arrive at a fair agreement with the man. Had Daly, too, blacklisted him?

Mechanically he turned in at his own gate. On the threshold, he paused; the house was quiet. He groped his way forward, found the "Mellee" he called softly. "Hi, Mel!"

"No answer, but he saw that her door stood ajar. She was lying there on the bed, a small, huddled heap.

Jud knelt beside her, touched her gently. "Mellee, darlin', what's it?" he begged miserably.

"It's worse," she choked. "Do you know what they're saying—now?"

"Who's sayin' anything to you?" he urged.

"It's Jerome Keefe. I went for a walk and I met him. He stopped me and tried to talk, and then he called me a—name. And he said, 'You're a—thing—about—you and me, Jud.'"

"He'd touch you?" demanded Jud thickly.

"He tried to kiss me."

Some fifteen minutes later, just as closing time, Jud swung into Jerome Keefe's store. He was battley, his face was white, and his eyes blazed.

"Come out here," Jud said. "You Keefe, come out here!" His voice cut through the

(Turn to page 35)

Making the Most of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive



EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and lustrous.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has not been shampooed properly, and is not combed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, crisp, freshly fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Multisfile coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair, look just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Multisfile in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Multisfile evenly over the hair and thoroughly massage it over the scalp throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Then rub the Multisfile into the hair with an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and thoroughly over the scalp.

After rubbing in the creamy Multisfile lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water.

Then use another application of Multisfile, again working up a lather and rubbing it into the hair.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the hair is so matted that a third wash is necessary.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a thorough rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish

Dress Your Hair to Emphasize Your Best Lines

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair away from the sides. If your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out on the sides. The woman with the full face and thick skin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features, must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairstyle. These rules, applied about yourself. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Multisfile shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Multisfile coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and lively, bright, fresh-looking and wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Multisfile at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Multisfile will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



Old Maid Caroline

(Continued from page 11)

Just now he carried a yellow envelope, which he waved wildly at Caroline. Caroline saw that the yellow envelope was a telegram. Telegrams always made her pulse beat wildly. To her they were always the tidings of calamity. Just last year there had been a telegram telling of the death of Caroline's sister's first-born. And then that telegram, fifteen years old now, which had come from her only brother Lon and had turned the whole current of Caroline's life. Caroline could shut her eyes and see that telegram yet. It had pointed out to her the thing that in her loyal, self-sacrificing heart had spelled D-U-T-Y.

Ellie died suddenly today. Starting back tomorrow on No. 6. Funeral Friday. Make arrangements.

Lon.

Lon had come then, in the wake of that telegram, bringing the dead body of his wife, his two whimpering, motherless babies in his arms. Then, following that, Caroline had said good-by to girlhood, good-by to plans of someday ruling a little home of her own and accepted the task of mothering Lon's two babies. Other than a feeble old mother there was no one else to take the responsibility.

The years rolled on. One day when the babies were still little, Caroline's old mother fell asleep, never to awaken.

And then there were years rolled on. . . Lon stayed in the old home town. Death had clipped the wings of his spirit. The biggest store on Main Street, "O. Rehnman & Sons," became, in time, "J. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries."

Lon's babies grew, from a tiny, wretched toddler of three and a fretful six-months-old baby to a handsome, stylish, eighteen-year-old young lady and a swaggering, care-free high-school freshman just rounding sixteen.

And Caroline—well Caroline was thirty-five, would be thirty-six next month, and the fifteen years had set none too lightly upon her. Bringing up two children, doing the housework for the family, working hand in hand with Lon to clear the small business of debt—these things had not united to keep wrinkles from Caroline's brow.

JAKE was sputtering breathlessly into excited speech. "It's a telegram. For you, Caroline. It's from Charlie Brown. He's coming home. He'll be here tonight on number seven."

Mrs. Johnson pricked up attentive ears. "Charlie Brown? For Any's sake! Come! home? How long it's been since he's been here. Nigh onto fifteen years, ain't it, Caroline? Hurry up an' open it. I'm dyin' t' see what he says. Let's see, you's him was sweethearts, wan't you? Is there goin' t' be a wedding?"

Red spots flared in Caroline's thin cheeks. Her hands trembled just a little as she opened the telegram.

*Miss Caroline Burt,
Eden, Iowa.
Arrive Eden Friday night No. 7. Meet me.
Chas. Brown.*

"Land sakes, that's tonight! Are you prepared fr' company, Caroline? And such company. Ain't you excited?"

Caroline's mind was racing. Mrs. Johnson's words brought it to a sharp focus. "Here, Jake," she said. "Here's a quarter fr' bringin' in' telegram. You go up the road quick an' tell Lon t' come on down here right away, will you?"

Jake swaggered out. To have been the deliverer of such an important telegram carried no little prestige. Now he was to have the satisfaction of breaking the news to Lon, and after him—well there'd be a lot of people interested in such a sensation, and Jake was first on the ground with it.

Mrs. Johnson hurriedly concluded her shopping. She glimpsed Mrs. Donnell in front of her store. Mrs. Johnson's haste was quite similar to Jake's.

Lon came hurrying in. "Well what do you know about it?"—That was Lon's strongest expletive—"It'll be kinda good t' see Charlie again, won't it? Eh, sis?"

Caroline's thin cheeks could fly no redder flared.

Lon stayed in the store while Caroline hustled up the street for home. Number seven was due in less than four hours, and it had been on time for a week.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Donnell watched Caroline's hurrying figure.

"Poor Caroline," Mrs. Johnson said with hectic excitement. "I guess she ain't never had no other beau. Do you reckon there's a match there? I've heard he ain't never married in all these years. And, land sakes! ever' body in Eden knows she ain't never looked at no other man. They do say though, that they ain't never wrote to

each other or anything. Mis' Bente told me Her man beat t' postmaster she ought t' know, don't you think?"

And in the two-story frame house at the head of Main Street—Lon Burt's house—there was great flurry. Caroline feverishly looked where existed not an iota of dust and swept floors that were immaculate.

She drafted an aide by routine. Zelda Louisa, Lon's daughter, came from the bath to the east porch, but the aide left by the wayside half an hour later, with a box of "Cres Ideal Sanitizing Equipment."

"You want me to look decent, don't you Aunt Caroline? If we're going to have company I've just got to get a manicure—and a face massage. You wouldn't want me to look positively tacky, would you, Aunt Carrie?"

Zelda always emphasized. It was a part of her conversational gift.

Caroline hurriedly changed the spotless linen of her own bed to linen not a speck more spotless. Little hot and cold flushes of midday embarrassment swept up and down her spine. He'd have to sleep in her bed. She herself would just crawl in with Zelda, for of course she could not be expected to give up her room, and Lon's and Junior's room was always so cluttered.

She stood back to survey the immaculate room. And still the little trembly hot and cold flushes persisted.

"Shame on you, you niddy," Caroline firmly told herself. "Him just coming back to see the town—or most like on business, so you act like schoolgirl. Don't be a fool, Caroline. You're thirty-six years old—not near so young as you used t' be."

Somewhere in the breathless afternoon she managed to get a pie in the oven—an apple pie, flaky and brown, the one which Charlie had always liked when he came to Sunday dinner before he went away and before "Ma" died.

Followed twenty minutes of frantic struggling in the hot, stuffy little room with strangely, fly-away hair that just wouldn't stay put and a dress that persisted in looking itself up wrong. Caroline dusted a bit of talcum powder her hair, brushed and hastily picked up the few things she'd scattered about so that everything would be in last-minute tidiness.

Then resolutely she faced herself in the mirror. A queer thought had persisted in her mind all afternoon. Fifteen years for a long time. Maybe she'd done wrong in objecting to just a little powder and rouge. They hadn't seemed to hurt Zelda's blooming complexion.

"Are you coming?" Zelda's voice. Caroline hurried down the steep stairs. Zelda was all in white muslin with gay fly-away pink ribbons, and her hair was shiny slick over the little wire cage that made it seem as if they were bobbed. Her arms and her neck and her face were all girlish smoothness and warm softness.

Zelda enlivened the brisk walk to the depot by questions.

"Is it true, Aunt Carrie, that he's most a millionaire?"

"He's got money all right," Caroline admitted. "I don't know how much. You know how folks in Eden talk."

"He's been all around the world and back?" Zelda persisted.

"To Japan anyway. That's where I got the card from."

Zelda knut the card. It was a hand-painted one with apple blossoms in color and a bright paragraph. It had been stuck in the corner of the little mirror above Aunt Carrie's room ever since Zelda could remember. Once Zelda had turned it over, and read the message on the back. It gave an address and said something about Caroline's changing her mind. Zelda couldn't remember the words, but it was that.

They heard the whistle of number seven, and made the depot platform just in time. Caroline had a quick mental impression of a stout, well-dressed man carrying an expensive-looking leather bag, who caught her by the hand and said hastily: "You're the same Caroline—not a day older, not a bit changed!"

She couldn't remember what she said in return. There were so many people hanging around, waiting to shake hands with Charlie. New towns had a total of five hundred. Folks in Eden were proud of Charlie Brown. For several years now they had been saying, "Our first town boy, man who owns a big wholesale drug establishment in Chicago and is rich as anything. Why I can remember Charlie Brown when he wasn't knee high to a duck and clerked in Pete Thompson's drug-store down town." Yet it was Charlie Brown—the red-headed youngascal.

The march up Main Street took the form of a triumphant procession. Caroline was all dimpling smiles; Charlie with brisk friendliness was glad to see the old home town again. Caroline was pain-

[Turn on page 25]



Keep Young with Irresistible

MAVIS

FACE POWDER POUDRE CREME
50c 50c

A woman is as old as she looks. —Mavis users look young.

Mavis Face Powder, so astonishingly light, protects as well as beautifies, the final touch for the woman who wants to stay young. Mavis Poudre Creme (Cream Face Powder) is made with a creamy base that softens and soothes the skin and protects against sun or wind burn. Adheres longer than any powder you have ever used.

Ask for the new Duo-Tint, in both powders,—the "natural" tint for the glowing tan of the out-of-doors. Also white, rose, flesh, and Rachel.

Seven helps to Beauty yours for the asking

A dainty red Beauty Case containing Mavis Face Powder, Toilet Water, Rouge, Lip Stick, Cold Cream, Nail Polish and Vivonint, the new tooth paste.

Use This Coupon
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Please send me at once the Beauty Case containing samples of the seven Vivonint set many beauty aids. I am enclosing this to pay for packing, mailing, etc.

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Talcum Powder	\$ 25
Face Powder	1.00
Pettes	1.00
Poudre Cream	1.00
Toilet Water	1.00
Cold Cream	1.00
Vivonint Cream	1.00



Old Maid Caroline

(Continued from page 24)

fully self-conscious. She was the only one of the three who did not fit the procession.

They stopped in front of the post-office. Cy. Baumpart rushed out to shake hands with Charlie. An interested group collected around him.

Caroline hung back on the outskirts of the crowd. She was stung with humiliation at the fragment of a conversation she had overheard.

The voice was that of Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson (so designated to distinguish her from Mrs. "Restaurant" Peterson). "Ain't we grand?" the voice said. "So swell dressed and stylish lookin'. She can't hope t' catch 'em. Caroline shows her years, all of 'em. Look at that mince Zella. She's the worst flirt in town. Got her cap set already. I'd be a feather in it t' catch Charlie Brown rich as he is. And he ain't too old for her neither. I like to see it when the man is older, don't you? Zella needs somethin' t' quiet her down. Poor Caroline."

The procession moved on. It halted again in front of "I. Burt's Drygoods and Sundries." Lon and Charlie had been schoolmates. They shook hands with enthusiasm.

"You go on up," Lon said to Caroline, "and when you've got your supper come and let me go. We'll try and close up early so's we can visit with Charlie."

THE dinner hour was a radiant time for Zella, a bore for Junior, an agony of embarrassment for Caroline, and for Charlie—Well, Caroline wondered just what kind of time it had been for Charlie. He had looked at Zella a number of times to open admiration, and once Caroline had caught him glancing at herself with a well, an inquiring sort of look.

Just the minute dinner was over Caroline left for the store. She had to hurry so that Lon could come to his meal. She said shyly that she hoped there wouldn't be many in the store so they could close early.

"We'll play the piano and then we'll stroll down to get you, Aunt Carrie," Zella said.

Caroline left them at the piano. Charlie was turning the music, while Zella's clear young voice floated out in the newest in lullabies. "Come feaster your rest," Caroline wondered if the queer feeling in her heart as she hurried down to "I. Burt's Drygoods and Sundries" was jealousy. No, she wouldn't allow it to be. It was just resentment—the resentment that all people feel when they're when they're going home. That was all.

Caroline's shy wish did not come true. The store was filled until ten o'clock. She hustled around, waiting on the trade and answering all questions about Charlie.

"Come back with him, Caroline?" Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson asked the question. It seemed to Caroline that her cheeks must be really burning. She bent over Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson's youngest, fitting carefully his first-step shoe. The bending would hide her blushes.

Zella and Charlie strolled in finally. "We've walked from one end of the town to the other, Aunt Carrie," Zella dimpled.

Caroline caught the significant glance that Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson flashed at Mr. "Hardware."

They stood around for a little. From time to time other people came into the store, people who had known Charlie Brown in the mawk days of early adolescence. The constant center of an interested, excited group.

Through it all, wherever Caroline might be—fitting shoes, measuring cloth or perched high on the swinging ladder reaching for some seldom-called-for part of the stock—she could hear Zella's high-flung laughter and the chatter of her voice.

Caroline held her head firmly. "Don't be a niddy, don't be a niddy," she told herself fiercely. "It's the most natural thing in the world they'd like each other. You ought to be glad. You had your chance."

And then, like an echo, the same dull little voice in her heart went on, "You had your chance—and you flung it away, for Zella."

The shoppers were thinning out. Loaded flippers careened down Main Street, over the bridge and out through the country roads. Tomorrow was Saturday, the continuance of the reunion with Charlie Brown must wait until Saturday night and Sunday.

"Let's go up and pound the piano a little more," Zella suggested. Charlie followed. It seemed to Caroline more than willingly.

Finally, when Caroline thought she must drop from sheer weariness, the last customer straggled out.

Lon pulled the windows down and bolted the back door. Caroline hurried with the muslin covers. They let themselves out the front door, the counters

long-sheeted white ghosts behind them. Caroline was frankly tired. She lagged a little as they went up Main Street. Lon spoke only once.

"If he asks you, Carrie, it's all right," he said. "God knows you've earned a chance for a home of your own. How I'd 've got along without you I don't know. But the young 'uns are big enough now. Zella oughta have some responsibility anyhow."

"Don't worry; he won't ask me, Lon. I ain't so young as I used to be. Think he's traveled all over the world and had all kinds chances and then's goin' t' come back t' Eden after an old maid? No, I guess there ain't no call t' any of us t' worry about that, Lon."

Up in the Burt parlor Charlie Brown held undisputed sway. Zella, her cheeks aflame and her eyes as bright as stars, listened eagerly. Charlie was telling of foreign lands he'd visited, everyone boasting a branch establishment of his patent-medicine concern. Japan with its cherry blossom festival, its Gaiety girls, its romance, seemed to thrill Zella most.

Lon yawned.

"Well, I'm gonna hit t' hay," he said. "Gotta work hard t'morrow. Goodnight." Junior deeply followed him. Zella was eagerly questioning. Did the Japanese ladies really wear those cunning kimonos, and were they as pretty as their pictures said they were?

Caroline's back ached and her eyes smarted unaccountably. Suddenly she felt lonely.

Charlie looked at her—tenderly! Caroline's heart suddenly beat satisfactorily. Zella was said—that had been his old pet name for her—"Let's wander down the old path to the orchard gate and watch the moon shine over Mother's pond."

"Oh, goody, let's," said Zella.

All at once Charlie became fatherly firm. "Time little girls in bed," he said to Zella.

Zella pouted and then went reluctantly up the stairs.

That wild, suffocating thing was stirring in Caroline's heart. They strolled down the path.

The grass was high and hung over the pathway heavy with glistening dew. Caroline's little stockings were damp at the ankles, but somehow she didn't care. The moon, shining through the trees, made odd little pools of light and shadow on the lawn. Murphy's pasture pond was a clear, shimmering lake, heavy with lily pads.

Only this morning it had seemed just a muddy puddle in the ground, now it was a pond, a pond with a swishing at the flies. Now the moon, full and radiant, cast an enchanted, searchlighting beam through the glistening water.

Caroline's back seemed less tired. Her spirit was taking on the magical touch of youth, the youth that had been so long past, that dear never-to-be-forgotten past?

Charlie's arm was around her. "I thought that funny little kid would never go to bed," he was saying. "She stayed and stayed and stayed, and all the time I was longing to talk to you—just to you. Fifteen years is a long time, Carol."

Caroline's nerves were tingling.

"Yes, it is a long time," she agreed. "I—I feel it sometimes—that is—that is, I feel pretty odd."

Charlie laughed. His arm around her waist tightened.

"Well, it is a long time," he repeated, "and we older folks t' admit."

Caroline went on remorselessly, "I—I've got gray hair and wrinkles and—and—"

He laughed, comforting laugh. "To be sure you have. I noticed 'em. And I've got a bald head and a thickish chin line and I'm beginning to have rheumatism."

Suddenly they were both laughing—laughing like youngsters there as the moonlight flooded over them.

Charlie took up the conversation. "So you see, Carol, dear, it's time I had some body to look after me." Then seriously, "Dear, I came for you. Will you go back with me?"

NO, it was not the wild, madly sweet, joking of a young man. It was the love of the one man for the one woman. Carol knew, and her heart was wrenched.

Charlie lighted a big black cigar. He puffed at it energetically. "Quer how such things get on," he said. "In these years, whenever I get sentimental about an other woman, I seemed to see you and this path and the moonlight. It always meant a lot to me always, but somehow I never knew how much until tonight. Quer, ain't it?"

Caroline, her hand in his, her eyes alight, no longer "Old Maid Caroline," but the woman some men wanted, admitted that it was.



How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are discolored in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late

years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which also acts in other essential ways. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

What you will see

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 25, 1114 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Defying Sun and Wind

How the Outdoor Girl Keeps Her Radiant Coloring

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

THE time has come to do away with the tradition that our grandmothers had the only complexions worth having. Their cheeks like damask roses (natural!), their graceful white hands, soft as a baby's—these charms have been so unduly exploited that one might almost believe the modern woman had no charms of her own.

Possibly our grandmothers were the possessors of just such perfections as have been described, although I suspect that the distance of years has added a bit of glamour, but consider these things:

What grandmother ever rushed gaily about a tennis court at ten o'clock on a hot July morning, or walked five miles over a golf course, or even picked a hawthorn-headed under a summer sun?

Preposterous thoughts! No, in grandmother's day, we are told, it was different. Girls did not indulge in the active sports which keep the modern girl fit. They would have considered such sports boyish. Furthermore, when they did go out, it was with a full equipment of shade hat, veil, gloves and parasol. They would have thought they were inviting disaster had they gone out bareheaded and bare-handed.

And that is just what the modern woman does do. All summer she invites disaster to her hands and complexion, for while she is enjoying her athletic freedom she is too often neglecting her skin.

Of course this outdoor activity is the best thing in the world for her, but I believe there is not a single modern woman who in the depths of her most modern heart does not at the same time long for an old-fashioned, peach-and-cream complexion.

Her great problem is to reconcile the two things; to be at once free, athletic, and yet charmingly feminine in appearance.

Outdoor sports and good looks need not be irreconcilable. It is not necessary to end the summer with a red, roughened complexion, a generous sprinkling of freckles, hands that look like a schoolboy's, and hair that is lifeless and badly streaked.

In the first place, try protecting your face before you expose yourself, instead of trying in vain to remedy matters after the mischief is done. Protect your face with a liquid powder and a delicate coating of dry powder before going out; if your skin is dry use a good vanishing cream. Never use water on your face directly after it has been exposed to sun and wind. Water only hums the skin at such time, whereas a good cream soothes and softens it. Use plenty of cream and lotions on your hands during the summer months, not only at night, but each time after washing them.

I can only give these general directions for the care of face and hands here, because I want to take space to discuss a little more freely the care of the hair in summer.

In a previous paragraph I mentioned the fact that hair frequently becomes lilies and discolored because of abuse during the summer months. This will probably be even truer than usual this summer because of the increase in the number of bobbed heads. Not that bobbed hair itself is harmful; quite the contrary. But haven't you noticed that when the hair is short there is a tendency to discard hats altogether? That is where the danger lies.

The hair and scalp should never be exposed to the direct rays of the blazing sun. Such exposure dries the natural oil from the hair, bleaches it and makes it brittle. Try always, therefore, to wear a hat whenever you must be out during the middle of the day, and at any other time when you are going to be in the blazing sunlight.

Next, to keep the hair supple, two to four weeks is a proper interval between shampoos. During the summer it should be even longer. Try to dry the hair outdoors. Plenty of fresh air and subdued sunlight are excellent tonics. If your hair is inclined to be unusually dry after it is washed, rub a tiny bit of vaseline or other pure oil into the scalp as soon as the hair is dry again.

Unless you are one of those rare women who have achieved the art of bathing in salt water without getting your hair wet, you will have

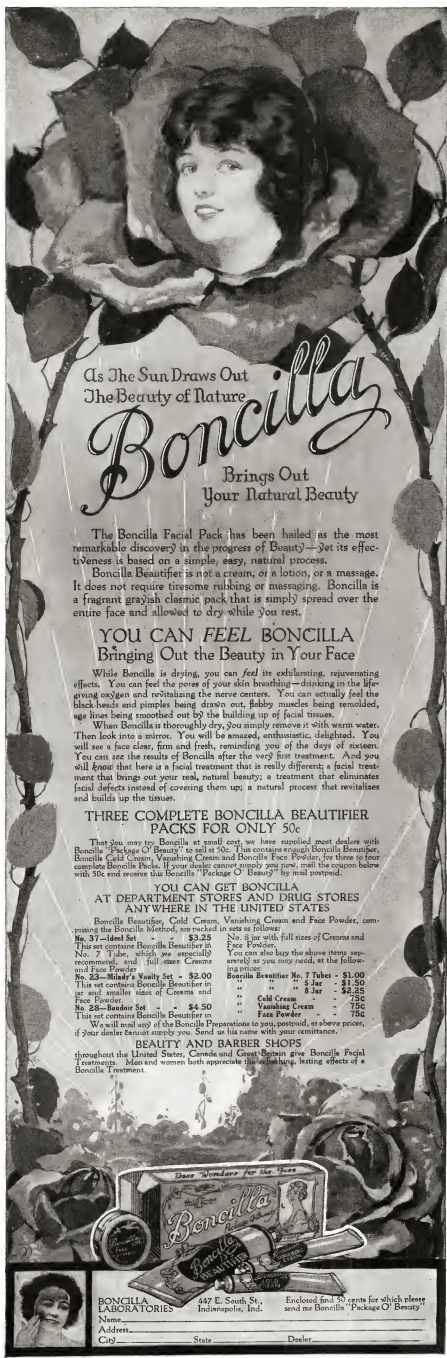
to take particularly good care of your hair at the seashore. I do not advise you to rinse your hair in fresh water every day after your swim, but I do urge you to rinse it out every few days.

Brush your hair regularly with a good stiff brush. Brush the hair out from the scalp, not down to it. Be sure to keep brushes and combs immaculately clean.

If you are troubled with dandruff, too, only hair, or too dry hair, get a tonic suited to your condition and use it faithfully. There are many good tonics on the market.

There is so much misunderstanding about the cause of so much hair that I want to say a word about it here. Many of those who suffer from oily hair are under the impression that it should be washed frequently. This is a mistake, for the reason: oily hair is caused by the scalp throwing the oil out on the hair itself instead of holding it in the roots as normal hair does. Therefore, when the hair is shampooed, no oil remains, either on the hair or in the scalp, where it should be.

Instead of frequent shampooing, try cleaning the hair with a tonic. Go over the hair and scalp carefully with absorbent cotton dampened with tonic. This will help to dry the hair and yet will leave some of the necessary oil about the roots. The tonic oil may be used on the hair with excellent results. Because of its disagreeable odor, however, few people care to leave it on more than a few hours at a time. If it is used the night before shampooing the hair, the pillow should be protected.



As The Sun Draws Out
The Beauty of Nature

Brings Out
Your Natural Beauty

The Bonicilla Facial Pack has been hailed as the most remarkable discovery in the progress of Beauty—yet its effectiveness is based on a simple, easy, natural process.

Bonicilla Beautifier is not a cream, or a lotion, or a massage. It does not require tiresome rubbing or massaging. Bonicilla is a fragrant grayish clastic pack that is simply spread over the entire face and allowed to dry while you rest.

YOU CAN FEEL BONICILLA
Bringing Out the Beauty in Your Face

While Bonicilla is drying, you can feel its exhilarating, rejuvenating effects. You can feel the power of your skin breathing—drinking in the life-giving oxygen and revitalizing the nerve centers. You can actually feel the blackheads and pimples being drawn out, fatty muscles being removed, the lines being smoothed out by the building up of facial tissues.

When Bonicilla is thoroughly dry, you simply remove it with warm water. Then look into a mirror. You will be enraptured, enthusiastic, delighted. You will see a face clear, firm and fresh, reminding you of the days of youth.

You can see the results of Bonicilla after the very first treatment. And you will know that here is a facial treatment that is really different—a facial treatment that brings out your real, natural beauty; a treatment that eliminates facial defects instead of covering them up; a natural process that revitalizes and builds up the tissues.

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That you may try Bonicilla at small cost we have arranged most dealers with Bonicilla "Package O' Beauty" to sell at 50c. This complete package Bonicilla Beautifier, Bonicilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Bonicilla Face Powder, for three to four complete Bonicilla Packs. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon below with 50c red revenue tax Bonicilla "Package O' Beauty" by mail postpaid.

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Bonicilla Beautifier, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder, complete the Bonicilla Method, one packet in one jar.	No. 3 jar with full size of Creams and Face Powder.	\$1.25
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No. 7—Tuber, which are especially good for the face.	No. 5 jar with full size of Creams and Face Powder.	\$1.00
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Enclosed find 50c. price for which please send me Bonicilla "Package O' Beauty."

Has your baby the vitality to resist summer illness?

Strength must be stored by sleep and comfort

More babies fall ill in summer, according to physicians, than in all the rest of the year. Every ounce of their energy must be guarded if infants are to keep well and grow. Fiery rashes, chafing, sleeplessness, crying and nervousness—all these things which lessen strength—must be prevented. Ways of doing this are described below.



DO YOU know that baby's health depends partly on the skin? Thousands of nerves have their centers near its surface. An uncomfortable skin means a "nervous" baby.

Because it banishes tormenting irritations, Johnson's Baby Powder relieves nervous fidgeting.

A Safe Way to Win Health-Building Sleep

Above all things, it is sleep that stores energy.

Every day after the warm water bath dust plenty of cooling, comforting Johnson's Baby Powder all over the tender body, massaging it gently in all the folds and creases. The beneficial powder puts the skin at ease. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. Baby is ready to fall asleep the minute it is back in the crib.

Your Druggist is More Than a Merchant. Even children know his face. One of life's lessons is "Try the Drug Store whenever you need relief and comfort." Yes—and quality.

Four Reasons Why Physicians Prefer Johnson's

- 1—It is made by Johnson & Johnson—makers of Red Cross Absorbent Cotton and 400 other health articles.
- 2—It is more cooling and soothing.
- 3—First suggested by a noted skin specialist especially for baby skin.
- 4—Does not clog the pores or cover the skin with a shiny, moisture-proof film.

Use Johnson's Baby Powder regularly for a week. One generous massage a day and several powderings. Dust it in the groin after each toilet. You will be rewarded by a happy, comfortable, sleep-loving baby.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
New Brunswick, N. J.



Johnson's Baby Powder

After My Fashion

[Continued from page 6]

Sunday night he returned, usually with a full creel . . . obviously no mean angler. The thing on the surface was impeccable. Rosalie, as aforesaid, couldn't have told just when she began to doubt.

It might have been the night he came home with three or four wild violets in an otherwise empty envelope in his coat pocket.

The thing fell out at Rosalie's feet when she was putting the coat into his chest. She wasn't going through his pockets—one doesn't. But when a blank envelope fell out at one's feet with a lumpy vase enclosure—obviously not a letter. . .

She lifted the flap—shook whatever was inside out, into her beautiful cupped white hand—wild violets, pale mauve in color, gaudily as to fragrance.

Rosalie's heart stunk. One doesn't gather violets with a hook and line—well, hardly! Perhaps he had brought them home for her . . . in that case why didn't he give them to her? She asked him about them at dinner that night, a trifle crudely, perhaps, being in the grip of a new and disturbing emotion, and he laughed—but not before he flushed, darkly and surprisingly.

The flush was damning. Royal wasn't given to flushing. He was a dark moody sort of man with a kind of reckless gaiety about him. His keen deep eyes looked into you and somehow put you. He had the confidence born of success—in the last three or four years he had thrust himself up to a place amazingly near the top of his crowd—something to do with cotton. He was rich enough now—even for Rosalie. Rosalie looked for them next morning to throw them out and couldn't find them. Royal had said: "Violets—oh, yes, I remember! Found 'em near the station while I was waiting for the train."

If that were true why had he wanted to keep them? Rosalie thought of a good deal about the thing from one angle or another. She didn't say to herself that flowers suggested woman—a woman . . . but it was at the back of her thoughts, just the same. Also, there was the matter of the bill for the chintz.

English chintz, five dollars a yard—ten yards of it. Parcel post charges to Bay St. Louis, forty-seven cents. From one of the nicest shops in town. Rosalie, seared with little creeping fangs, showed Royal the bill.

"It's a mistake, of course," she said. "I haven't gotten any chintz, there . . ."

"Addressed to me, wasn't it?" asked Royal pointedly. He took the bill and put it into his pocket.

"But Royal—what on earth—"

"Please don't bother me, just now, Beautiful!" said Royal, quickly. "I'm rushed to death . . . If you want that star sapphirine you've been asking for, better let me alone about little things for a while . . . the market's pretty wild."

Which Rosalie knew to be true . . . but which left the chintz like the violets a thorn unremoved from the flesh.

Did Royal need English chintzes with which to go fishing? Too terribly absurd!

That she got the star sapphirine, beautifully set for her slim third finger, in less than a week, held her only for the moment.

Royal gave her anything, everything she asked for, sooner or later. That wasn't the point. The fact was she was full of coyness and softness and pleasures—that wasn't the point either. She rewarded him for being one of the richest and most successful men in town by being herself one of the most beautiful and socially successful wives. She knew her own beauty and him. She knew to a hair its effect upon him. Being a beauty she had naturally supposed it would always hold him. Being an exquisite materialist, she hadn't doubted her materials. Beside—he had been a widower when she married him. Already settled in harness. Past the sowing of wild oats.

Two years a widower when he asked Rosalie to marry him—Rosalie, just down from the North on a visit to her New Orleans cousins. Caught by the moody romanticism in his eyes, by the almost feverish intensity of his wooing, no less than by the incredibility of his eligibility, as it were—Rosalie had said yes. There had been a large church wedding—voices braying mellifluously over Eden—all the usual things—tapering off sweetly enough into days and weeks and months of luxurious devotion. . .

Rosalie asked diplomatic questions, after the chintz episode, of her dearest friend, who was also her cousin, Mrs. Lempiere, a brown-haired dove with a Gallic slant, and Mrs. Lempiere saw through the questions instantly.

"My dear," she said, "you're worrying about Roy's week-ends? Don't! He probably goes out to that old cottage of his, gets into his oldest clothes and lives like a beach-comber for a day and a half. If you were there, you'd want him to eat

off a clean plate and shave. That's why he won't have you along. Be glad he hasn't a motor-boat so you don't have to worry about death-by-drowning, in addition!"

"Has he always had a cottage at the Bay?" asked Rosalie.

"Used to live over there before Carey died," said Mrs. Lempiere. "Carey was the first wife's name. It's a fairly little old place . . . miles from anywhere."

"I can't imagine Royal living in the cottage," said Rosalie.

"Well, he did—absolutely as it may seem. He had what his father left him, you know. . . rather comfortable income. He never really got down to work of any sort, then . . . he had some notion, I think, of being a writer—or an artist . . . something temperamental. However, he came to town fast enough after she died, got into cotton and really arrived. Probably wanted to come, all along. What are you worrying about, Rosalie? You know he never looks at another woman!"

Rosalie wanted to tell about the wild violets and the chintz but held her tongue. She said instead: "Do you know—I found the most adorable old console down on Royal Street yesterday in an antique shop—beautiful mahogany . . ."

"There used to be a very good one in the cottage at the Bay—I remember." said Mrs. Lempiere thoughtfully. "Why don't you get Roy to have it brought over for you? You're so keen on old mahogany, now."

"I believe I will," said Rosalie. She added with a touch of selfless curiosity: "Mrs. Lempiere's common-sense was steady—"

"What was she like, Amy?—Carey, I think?"

"Oh, little—and mousey—nothing out of the ordinary," said the other carelessly. "Unkind and all that. No wonder Roy went mad over you the minute he saw you. I declare Rosalie—you get lovelier every day!"

JEALOUSY is not a pretty emotion—nor yet a comfortable one if it does things to otherwise cool heads and sane intelligences. It did things gnawingly to Rosalie. She began to feel that she could not bear it for Roy to go away again to that vague sinister Bay of . . . just could not bear it.

She said to him on Thursday, with a careless witfulness: "Going fishing this week, Roy?"

"Yes, sweet, I am," said Royal pleasantly. "Saturday afternoon—same as always. Bring your sporty little gun."

Rosalie didn't want any speckled trout. She set her teeth and clenched her hands and asked no more questions. That night she said to herself just before she fell asleep, which was not until somewhere about two in the morning: "I've got to find out who it is he goes over there to see. There's somebody. No question. I can't stand waiting here another time—and not knowing. It's bound to come out sooner or later. And then there'll be a horrible scandal. You see things like that in the paper all the time . . . but why did it have to be me?—Oh, my God!"

She may not have meant it for a curse. Certainly she didn't mean it for a prayer.

The soul in her unconsciously beautiful body, which she had never before seen in gold hair, looked out of her velvety eyes and smiled with her soft Creolian mouth, but just at the moment when she was a part despair, and two parts jealous disquiet. She actually believed she had no chance at the man she loved. She knew she kissed Royal good-bye after breakfast next morning and kissed him a second time when he could stand waiting here another time—looking a little tired that she must take better care of herself.

"I have a very day, today," she said. "Bridge, this afternoon—that's all."

By way of an alibi—if one were needed. Even a jealous one, enough for that.

Afterward she put on an inconspicuous frock and a quiet little hat with a veil and eleven o'clock the Bay train for the Bay . . . to look at the mahogany console which Mrs. Lempiere thought she remembered in the cottage that was miles from anywhere.

A hot tiresome trip. Surely an hour was never so long. Crossing going by outside the window, stretches of flat grayish swamp, stretches of dusty green stretches of rumpled inland water. Fishing-chairs . . . hunter's shacks . . . once a shrimp-cannery, gaunt and ugly. Hot hot blue sky over everything, not a cloud far away. No breeze. Very little shade. Flatness unbelievable.

Rosalie had plenty of time to think. She determined upon a plan of action. She would get a car at the station . . . she had never been in the Bay before—and she would say to the driver . . .

[Turn to page 30]

Do You Weigh Him?

Ways to Know and Correct Baby's Feeding Troubles

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

TO determine the quantity of breast-milk taken at a given nursing, the infant must be weighed, without change of clothing, immediately before and immediately after nursing.

An ounce of milk, fluid measure, for all practical purposes may be considered as an ounce avoirdupois. If the milk is of fair, average quality an infant weighing from six to eight pounds should get from three to four ounces at three-hour nursing intervals, there being six or seven nursings in the twenty-four hours. An eight-to-ten-pound infant will need from four to five ounces at three-hour intervals, counting six nursings in the twenty-four hours. A ten-to-twelve-pound infant needs from five to six ounces, nursing at three-hour intervals, counted six nursings in twenty-four hours.

When the nursings are carried on every three hours it will be more convenient to give them as follows: 6 A.M., 9 A.M., 12 N., 3 P.M., 6 P.M., 10 P.M. and 2 A.M. When the number is reduced to six, the 2 A.M. nursing should be omitted. This gives the mother the much-needed, unbroken rest. If the baby is given a few ounces of water or barley water from a bottle he will be satisfied and will soon conclude it is not worth the awaking.

ATHRIVING baby, who will sleep without waking from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. should by all means be allowed to do so. After the baby passes twelve pounds in weight, four-hour nursing intervals are best, as follows: 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M. and 10 P.M.

If smaller babies are put on the four-hour interval the 2 A.M. feeding will often be necessary. Such is not always the case however as I have known many thriving breast-babies to have but five nursings in twenty-four hours from the beginning. A baby weighing fifteen pounds needs seven ounces at four-hour intervals, there being five nursings in twenty-four hours; when this is not supplied by the mother an additional amount must be given by the bottle, all of which was explained in the preceding number of this magazine.

Management of abnormal milk conditions. We will assume that the breast-milk is good in quality but deficient in quantity as proved by repeated weighings. Under such circumstances an increased amount of fluid should be taken by the mother. I find that mothers are inclined to restrict the fluid intake if they find that they are taking on weight. Every nursing mother should partake freely of water. Excepting in those with very rich milk, nutritional drinks will answer two purposes, that of supplying both foods and fluids. Soups, broths, gruels, malted milk, cocoa and cow's milk—whole or skimmed—will be found of service. A quart or more of extra fluid a day has been of much service to mothers in whom there was a quantity deficiency.

Assuming that the milk is poor in quality but sufficient in quantity: In such cases our greatest success has followed a curtailment of exercise and manual work. There should be a diminished energy-output which should be reduced from twenty-five to fifty per cent. If possible. As will be appreciated, this is not always possible. A rest of two hours after the midday meal will be a great help as will unbroken sleep at night. The free use of nitrogenous foods such as meats, eggs, poultry, fish, milk and cheese should be urged. Oatmeal and cornmeal are the best among the cereals. A liberal amount of sugar is allowed. Malt liquors and wine in moderation may be a great help.

Assuming that the breast-milk is too rich: Overrich milk has given me a great deal of trouble, producing vomiting and colicky babies with frequent green stools. When we say a rich breast-milk we usually mean that the fat-content is high, and such milk may be produced by mothers who are robust in physique and generous eaters of good food but who often take too little exercise. For such mothers, a walk of two or three miles daily will be a help; or they may take on extra household duties, if such have not been doing, previously, most of the housework. Women who do their own housework, manage a husband and care for the other children, are never troubled with overrich breast-milk.

Those with overrich milk should partake scantily of butter, cream and sugar. Red meat should be eaten not oftener than once a day and all alcoholic drinks are to be avoided.

WHEN it is impossible to reduce the milk-strength, the length of the nursing-period should be cut down in order that a lesser amount be taken; and barley water or plain water should be given to act as a diluent and to supply the necessary fluid-content of the meal. This procedure constitutes modifying the mother's milk to the child's digestive capacity. The weighing has to be done in the home; the milk examinations are to be carried out by the attending physician.

In getting milk for the test it is best to allow the baby to nurse a minute from both breasts and then, with a breast pump or by milking, remove $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce from each breast and mix these two half-ounces. It is best to have three specimens for examination taken, on different days, at different times of the day.

Care of the breast and nipples: Nursing at regular intervals not only increases the milk-supply but is a decided aid in keeping the breast and nipples in a healthy condition. Babies as soon as they are old enough put everything available into their mouths in addition to fingers and thumbs;



Don't Be Discouraged

"POWDER never will conceal that skin trouble but if you will use Resinol Soap every day as directed, you'll be surprised to see how quickly your complexion improves. I know because I tried it when my skin looked worse than yours, and in a short time the trouble completely disappeared."

Recommendations like this have placed Resinol Soap in hundreds of homes where it is now the favorite. Its generous, pore-searching lather invigorates and tones up the skin while cleansing it, and the action is so mild it will not injure the tenderest skin.

When you decide to use Resinol Soap regularly for your toilet, bath and shampoo, you also decide to have your skin as clear and healthy, and your hair as rich and lustrous as nature intended them to be.

Why not begin today the use of this delightful toilet soap and let it help to cleanse the clogged, inflamed pores, smooth the rough surfaces, reduce the oiliness and restore the glow of skin health?

Mothers find Resinol Soap excellent for baby's delicate skin, tending as it does to prevent rashes and chafing.

May we send you a dainty trial size cake free? If so write Dept. 6-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Your druggist and toilet goods dealer sell the Resinol Products. Ask for them!



Hygiene demands an individual comb for every member of the family

EVERY motive of delicacy and caution dictates that, like the tooth-brush, the comb should be an intimate, personal thing.

Dandruff and other scalp affections which weaken and eventually destroy the hair, readily spread through sharing your comb with others.

And just as an individual comb is essential, so, too, is a good comb necessary.

The teeth of cheap combs are often rough on the inside, and usually are not parallel. Your hair wedges between them. Dirt finds a lodging place, while the rough edges split your hair, break it and pull it out.

Acé Rubber Combs are made of the best vulcanized rubber, polished to a glistening smoothness. They have no rough surfaces—no sharp edges. The teeth are parallel, and your hair slips through unhindered.

And, no matter what you use in caring for your hair, Acé Combs will never become stained. For they are impervious alike to hair dressing preparations and the natural oil of the hair, while warm water, soap and a few drops of ammonia will remove any dirt that collects on the surface.

Ask your dealer to show you his wide assortment of

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HERCULES

I. R. COMB CO.'S Unbreakable, GOODYEAR 1851

all popular brands of

ACE
HARD RUBBER
COMBS
For Men and Women
bear this trademark



After My Fashion

[Continued from page 28]

"I wish to go to Mr. Lane's cottage—it is quite a bit away, I believe . . . then she would be driven to the place and once there, she would go up to the door. . . ."

She had atrocious half-formed visions of a woman meeting her in the doorway . . . a woman on the steps . . . the sort of thing which happens in newspapers daily—so why not, after all, to one's self?

It didn't seem like Royal . . . her ardent, indolgent, lovely Royal, but doubtless to a great many other wives it had not seemed like a great many other husbands' . . . until the light broke.

And take it by and large, Rosalie was sick, past sanity, of conjecture—she had known the place where she had to know. So—she was going to know.

It worked out as she had planned. More or less.

She left the train at Bay St. Louis, in the glare of the noonday sun, signalled the mulatto driver of a rather dusty-looking car and said to him with immense calm: "I wish to go to Mr. Lane's cottage. . . ."

The man's mouth widened into a respectfully friendly smile, a negro's mouth in a face where the white man's freckles splattered a skin just pale enough to show them: "Mr. Royal Lane? Ya'm—he got a place a piece up the shell-road."

Rosalie got into the car and sat down, folding her hands tightly together in her lap. The mulatto slid down behind the door. The little yellow-brown station disappeared in an implacable veil of fine white dust. Under the wheels of the car bits of white shell clicked and spun aside.

At the end of the road into which they turned the scintillant blue of the Sound leaped suddenly into sight with a foreground of liveoak branches. Presently they were driving along the edge of the Sound itself: nothing between shell-road and sea but a strip of white beach down which the tough green vines of the wild convolvulus flung their fleshy runners and where short wiry grasses clutched a precarious footing.

On the other side of the road charming summer cottages, spiced with vines and swallows . . . After a little the houses grew fewer, rather far apart. Pines slipped in between, stark and murmurous . . . the forest, grudging retreat.

The glare from the water hurt Rosalie's eyes. She looked inland and saw only the pines thickening and darkening—loneliness edged the road . . . loneliness in one's eyes. . . . Yet, as Rosalie drove, that queer salt smell in her nostrils, queer low hum in her ears . . . at last a roof thrusting the trees, the line of a low straggling little house, gray between pines and water.

"Hyah it is!" said the driver. Rosalie paid him and sent him away. "You may come back for me in about an hour," she said, pulse drumming so that she could hardly speak. "What time can I get a train—to the city—this afternoon?"

"Be't train's about here." He drove away. She turned and walked up the path between clumps of purple and crimson stocks . . . there was a rose-vine over the door, full of small pale roses with deep-colored hearts, roses a little salt-litten but sweet . . . two chairs on the narrow porch . . . wicker chairs pleasantly cushioned . . .

The clinté of those cushions was new. Birds of paradise and peonies—against a burnt-ivory ground. As surely as thistles came from Scotland, that clinté was English.

The door stood open. Rosalie knocked twice and waited each time, impatient. No body answered. Deliberately she crossed the threshold.

Into a wide low-ceilinged room with a big fern-filled fireplace . . . with white bookcases built against the walls and filled to overflowing by the blue and crimson and tarnished gold of books . . . with deep chairs and one deep doorway couch cushioned and covered in chintz.

Birds of paradise and peonies on a burnt-ivory ground. Rosalie scanned herself with a hand on the table near the couch and looked till her eyes burned in her head.

Books—more books on the table. And purple sets in a dull blue jar. (Royal never had time to read. Royal's kind of flowers were roses and gardenias, with expensive flower-shop ribbon about the stems.) Pictures on the walls . . . stupid, pale bary things, etchings—were they? The water-color of a girl's head over the mantel shelf wasn't bad . . . still even that was pale . . . washed-out—vague . . . Things with any sort of color in them, Rosalie could see.

Her own house had been done by the smartest interior decorators in town . . . period furniture, rather formal grouping which Rosalie was always careful not to disturb, of objects she herself had not chosen. Voluptuous hangings, subtly-shaded lighting . . .

Her glance swept the small grand piano at the farther end of the room . . . as a very old-fashioned one. That, at least, wasn't a recent gift! On the piano, two big piles of sheet music and the west wall was mellow goldenish brown of a violin. She crossed to it with mounting recklessness and fluttered the black-barred pages . . .

Bach . . . It wasn't much more than a name to Rosalie but she was certain to Royal that it was what! Royal liked jazz of the wildest sort. Yowling trombones, whining fiddles, stuttering drums. He liked music to dance by, to eat by—to make love by. He couldn't be dragged to a concert.

The woman must be somewhere about—in the yard perhaps . . . had she seen Rosalie go in? Was she watching? The boat . . . the stammered cruel beast!

UNTIL she saw that room, she had feared only a rendezvous—a meeting-place—now she knew with an agonizing certainty that this was where another woman lived.

She hadn't left it long—wherever she was—her imprint was on everything—she would be coming back to the room. She saw music, chintz-cushioned chairs—all stood waiting for her. She couldn't have gone very far. There was nowhere to go but before the little house—tall pines behind it. What a stillness! What a terrible impression! She felt as if she were in a dream. She wasn't going to scream of course—however, if one should—no one to hear . . .

What was it? What? Lemper had said—"It's miles from anywhere."

It was. That was what frightened Rosalie.

She was sure, this time, she heard someone in the other room. The room which opened past the piano and the fireplace. She took her courage in her two hands and walked to the door of it. Going, she said to herself—"I shall tell her—I am Mrs. Royal Lane—that is all—it will be enough. . . ."

It was rather a sweet room. White-curtained, with what Rosalie even in her flare of panic knew for some wonderful bits of old mahogany—and a snowy bed. There were bottles of rose Venetian glass on the dressing-table, ivory brushes, a little lilac satin pouch . . . on a table by the window, some of the pale lilac roses in a crystal bowl and a book or two. But there was no one in the room. Rosalie stood and looked at the bed, the wide four-posted, white-covered bed till her throat began to ache and tears came into her eyes.

Something inside her cried somehow pitifully: "Royal . . . my Royal . . ."

But she choked it back and put up her handkerchief to save herself traces of distress. If she was going to have it out with this room, she didn't want to put herself at a disadvantage in the first place, by crying.

So she went back into the living-room, her knees shaking under her, and looked about her once more. Off to the other side was obviously the dining-room. She caught glimpses of china and glass, two chairs drawn up to a small round table.

Two chairs . . . two plates . . . two knives and forks and glasses . . . that crowded one past bearing . . . it was unbelievable . . . it wasn't decent! . . . Farther yet was, she supposed, the kitchen . . . millions lay about her like a warm soft stilling veil.

She kept remembering that, even if one screamed—it was miles from anywhere. And then—nothing but locking her hands together till the knuckles whitened, setting her teeth and tensing every muscle in her body, saved her from screaming anyhow . . . because, somewhere at the back of the house, she heard quite clearly, the scrape of a chair, and, crossing the floor, a tired, heavy step.

She waited, unable to breathe, until the back door opened slowly and an old negro man came into the room.

He had bent, rheumatic shoulders, and a grizzled scarcity of wool, topping a gentle monkeyish face. He carried a handful of double white violets. When he saw Rosalie, he stopped in his tracks and stared with an inarticulate noise of dismay.

"Good-morning!" said Rosalie, dry-lipped.

"Mawin', lady!" returned the ancient nervously. "If I had been nobody cum in . . . wuz y' lookin' fer Mistab Royal? He ain't."

Rosalie told him that she had told the mulatto driver: "I—I am looking at the house." A fortunate inspiration.

The old man shook his head and smiled deprecatingly. Dis place ain't nevab bin fer rent."

"Is anyone—living here, now?" asked Rosalie . . . and waited with a chilly dew breaking open upon her upper lip for the answer.

[Turn to page 31]



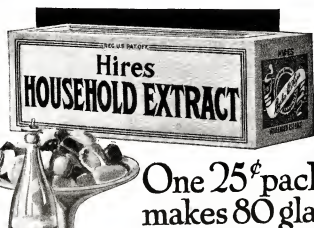
Deviled Eggs, Baked Ham and Gulden's

A collation to set before a king! Surely, royal epicures of old had none as good as this. It is an appetizing meal for hot weather days. Ham, so tender "it cuts with a fork," eggs plump with savory stuffing, and as the crowning touch—Gulden's Mustard. Gulden's is the condiment supreme, a mustard of unequalled quality. It is a special blend of imported and American-grown mustard seeds ground exceedingly fine, and mixed to creamy consistency with pure grain vinegar. Certain other rare spices are used in the making of this superior mustard. They give to Gulden's that flavor which is so particularly its own. It is a delicious, tantalizing flavor that puts an edge on appetite. Gulden's is bottled without preservatives of any kind, and because of its purity, keeps fresh to the last spoonful in the round glass jar. At better grocery and delicatessen stores everywhere.

GULDEN'S Mustard

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*The finest drink
you ever tasted—*
ROOTBEER made from



**One 25¢ package
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You've never tasted anything so good and refreshing as the rootbeer you make from Hires Household Extract. And no other drink is so easy to make.

Simple directions for mixing are enclosed in the package. Bottle with tight corks or get Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers from your grocer. Forty-eight hours after mixing, your rootbeer is sparkling and ready to drink. If you like it tell your friends how delicious it is, how easy and economical to make. Be sure to

Ask for

HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send, postpaid, package direct. Or send \$2.50 for carton of one dozen.

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CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Ltd.
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Canadian price for the package

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
211 S. Twenty-fourth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Up and coming

[Continued from page 16]

"Why, we can buy the brown hangers!" she cried. "We can get it for a first payment of two thousand dollars—"

"The other two thousand must create a scholarly atmosphere within." His tone was still ironical. "I'll be responsible for your wedding finery."

They both started at a slight noise from behind a screen. It proved to be their mother, a delighted eavesdropper.

"I couldn't help slipping in, dears," she apologized, "the baby dropped to sleep like a lamb, and curiosity got the better of me. Jones, you saint on earth, and Marian, you lucky girl, come here this minute"—holding out her arms to them.

III

HAMLIN was enthusiastic over Jones' success but even more enthusiastic over his return. He had come to rely on this young man's companionship as well as his business judgment. They sat chatting over the East and mutual friends and buying- and selling-conditions until it was dinner-time.

During the evening Jones confessed his family's plans and his intentions as to helping them. The art dealer's blind eyes kept staring over his head as if he were studying some panorama.

"And what of yourself?" he asked. Jones resented Hamlin's "sneaking" his thoughts. "I'm going to turn blast clubman, sir," he announced, "and make you start the art journal I talked of last fall. I can see its possibilities."

"Didn't decide you wanted to head your own family while you were traveling abroad?" Hamlin's fingers tapped loudly on the chair arm.

"Not at all," Jones betrayed his irritation.

"Ah," murmured Hamlin, "I dare say you will find out, as we all do, that Epictetus was right when he said there were some things which do matter. . . . As to the art journal, the advertising campaign will worry me. You are not the practical man to swing it successfully, and we must. . . ."

Jones was wondering just what Hamlin had "seen."

F LUSHED with her boy dreams and impatient for their fruition, Marian returned to the university town. She would teach the entire year in addition to housekeeping for two, for she did not want to lose the money or disappoint the faculty. The marriage would take place during the holiday recess.

As soon as she left, Jones effected a move into the Colonial Apartments in the park section of the city. Martha could not adjust herself to the change. She considered it a wicked use of money to make this apartment into a "color dechauch" as Jones dubbed it.

Further tenescence in daily living was the outcome of the new apartment. It seemed as if a game were being played by Martha and her son in which she was losing, point by point, and Jones gaining in power.

Having resolved to see his sisters "through to the finish" as well as to provide handsomely for his mother, Jones could not help being overbearing. Redoubled interest in business, membership in the club and his new apartment became his paramount interests. He forgot to use the pronoun "our." Everything was "mine" now. He no longer brooked his mother's suggestions as to taste. The fact that Martha, by force of habit and sense of insecurity, still insisted on petty economies was another source of variance.

Marian was writing how happy she was, the brown bungalow arriving in her name and plans for the wedding under way. After Thanksgiving, during which Pat came home to see her son and admire the new apartment, Jones became conscious of nerves to the extent of being morose and inclined to turn combative if one took issue with him.

Hamlin had set off for Florida, leaving Jones as assistant manager of the establishment which demanded close attention to detail. Jones was becoming short of money with humble artists uncertain as to their success and jaunty when dealing with the *nouveaux riches*. He was amused at this change in manner whenever he took time to realize that it "you" come about. At the club he was quoted "a quiet spender, never overdoes," and the town's substantial business men counted themselves his friends.

The day after Pat left, Martha fell prey to neuralgia. She went to bed swathed unthinkingly in flannels, and, hours of medicine pervading her room. Jones was ashamed of his lack of sympathy; but he found the close, liniment-scented room unbearable.

"Think I'll stroll over to the club unless you want me to stay," he said.

He owned no motor as yet, so he walked briskly toward the club. It was

a November night, the wind swirling around every corner, brushing up heaps of leaves and street debris, capturing hats and making skirts by balletic leaps. Jones would have preferred staying home, could he have been alone. He had refused a dinner invitation, and the prospect of the club was so sickening members discussing politics punctuated by drinks was not pleasing.

He slowed up in his walk. He was passing a public dance hall, a respectable place where dances open to the public were held twice a week. The crowd buying tickets and going in attracted his attention; they seemed joyful and well-intentioned as they pushed and jostled with each other. Something about them suggested youth, whether it was their gay dress or their hilarious spirits he could not tell—but it proved contagious. The orchestra was tuning up, a stream of fiddles and squeak of cornets coming audible.

This sound sent the crowd flying within. Jones found himself following. He glanced about as he went, but he was not watching. He was next standing in line before the ticket window, ahead of two girls who regarded him with polite interest.

The older was a thin blonde, at least thirty, with sharply chiseled features, over-dressed in red, her hair pinned up in a feather plume. The other was a stout sort, with coarse black hair, rose cheeks and curly curls that she was used to being called that would look well in spangles. Her loosely fastened coat showed that she wore a dress of salmon-colored satin. The skirt was of black lace, while strings of jet called attention to her full, white throat. She suggested physical strength and little brain, a sharp temper.

Jones stepped aside to let them buy their tickets, noting the way they moved as an escort. They did not flirt with him as a rule of the courtesy, but bowing rather primly passed into the hall. Jones followed.

During the opening dance, Jones noticed that these girls danced together—and danced well. They walked to a bench as soon as the encore was concluded and sat together during the intermission. Numerous girls passed slowly before him, but to these he paid no attention. Men of common hearing soon enough cated with them for dances, some disappearing into an adjoining bar hall. But these girls, interesting because of their aloofness, danced the second and third numbers together, returning each time to the same bench to wait for the next.

He speculated concerning them. Did they room together? Where did they work? Were they strangers in the city? What were their names and would they dance together throughout the evening as properly as pupils in a finishing-school? He was drawn not toward the blonde, but the brunette wearer of salmon satin. She had removed her hat, and her heavy black hair showed a glint of jet combs. As she moved she betrayed the verve and dash of a peasant doing a native dance, unconscious of charm. Her partner was more sophisticated, restrained.

Jones forgot the irritation over his mother's neuralgia and the way she insisted on rearranging his carved ivory. He enjoyed the cheery atmosphere where everyone was out to have a good time and took no heed for the morrow.

He was shy of approaching a partner; he did not want to inquire how these people, being different, and he knew he had not the bearing of an ordinary man.

He was drawn to the blonde, and to the girls' company, evidently a long-accepted cavalier of the blonde. They left the other girl gliding away when she started. Jones walked along the side of the hall, determined yet shy. He found the girl easy to approach.

"I beg pardon," he began, sitting down, "but I don't know anyone here, and I've been watching you dance. Won't you try this number with me?"

She twisted an embroidered handkerchief in her strong fingers, nearly up pleasantly. "I'd rather talk until the next one," she said. "I like to know who I'm dancing with. I don't want to inquire how these people, being different, and he knew he had not the bearing of an ordinary man."

Peggy, the stout girl, turned up. She was a girl's company, evidently a long-accepted cavalier of the blonde. They left the other girl gliding away when she started. Jones walked along the side of the hall, determined yet shy. He found the girl easy to approach.

"I beg pardon," he began, sitting down, "but I don't know anyone here, and I've been watching you dance. Won't you try this number with me?"

As she laughed, her strong white teeth flashed. "I don't know you, but I like to know who I'm dancing with. I don't want to inquire how these people, being different, and he knew he had not the bearing of an ordinary man."

[Turn to page 40]



A Cool and Cheerful Room

The Glassed-In Porch, Always a Delight in Summer

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

I ALWAYS think of them as open-air rooms—those cheerful glassed porches which are generally spoken of as sun rooms. They offer the delightful advantages of a porch all the year round. One charming open-air room that we decorated, some time ago, comes to my mind. It is a large, square room with two sides glassed-in and two sides of the rough plaster that finishes the house, which is of Italian character.

The floor is particularly interesting. It is made of ordinary red brick laid in a pattern which radiates from an exact center. When I first saw it it was of a bright brick red difficult to use successfully in any scheme of colors. Instead of leaving the floor this hard, unyielding tone we stained it a dark walnut and then oiled it. This gave it the depth and mellowness of tone of beautiful old Italian tiling.

The curtains were made of the cheapest linen damask we could find. We dyed it a strong lemon-yellow, because we could not find a cloth of just the right tone. We finished the edges of the curtains with a wool fringe of many colors, green, soft red, dull blue and orange. The curtains, too, have all the charm of wonderful age-old stuff that would have cost double the amount of those we used.

Against one wall is a long sofa which we slip-covered with a striped material. The stripes repeat the colors of the fringe on the curtains. Perhaps I should describe it the other way, for the idea of making the fringe of many colors was suggested by the coloring of the sofa covering.

There are four comfortable arm-chairs painted light green and having natural-colored cane backs and seats. The frames of the chairs are painted green with narrow black lines criss-crossing in checker-board effect. There are a number of little tables painted green with black lines to match the chairs.

No two open-air rooms need be alike. There are many color-combinations and many different materials from which to work out a scheme of decoration. The important thing is to consider the surroundings of the room—the trees and flowers, the color and style of the house itself.

Chintzes lose their value when they come into competition with the gardens, trees and sky, so plain materials are best. They make a pleasant contrast and create a restful atmosphere.

I find that gingham, chambrays and calicos make satisfactory cushion covers and curtains for these informal rooms. They may be finished with bias folds and all sorts and descriptions of braids and trims. Sateen is not satisfactory for it fades when exposed to light and air and like the chintzes its use is best restricted to indoor rooms.

Bed-ticking is practical and good-looking for making curtains and cushions. In some open-air rooms, we have used this material in navy blue and white with the edges of the curtains and the seams of the cushions bound with red braid. It is much easier to handle than awning cloth and curtains made of it hang in graceful folds.

Red and white ticking could be used most effectively in a room which has its windows shaded by trees or in a house which is of gray or other neutral color.

Turkey red is good, too, when the room is shaded or the walls are dull in tone. Touches of it would be charming with navy blue, black, gray, putty color or buff. And a cushion or two of Turkey red would be effective wherever dull, or neutral colors are used.

Natural-colored scrim makes good curtains when transparency is needed. The revival of the old-fashioned painted shades makes it possible to do away with curtains in small, sheltered rooms.

Wicker furniture is good-looking in the sun room, but painted furniture appeals even more to the decorator for that type of room. One can buy the plainest chairs and used for the kitchen, or the plain wooden arm-chairs commonly used for the porch—and make them into things of real beauty.

With a few pots of paint one can work out entrancing color-schemes. The furniture may be decorated with stripes of varying widths and of contrasting colors. Gray with touches of green or blue; cream with stripes of blue or orange or green are attractive.

She tells you how she plans the interiors of those homes. By following her practical ideas you can achieve, inexpensively, for your home, the beauty, charm and distinction you long to have it express.

Effective rugs for the open-air room are the reversible woolen rugs. I constantly use these rugs in such rooms and everywhere that a plain rug is desirable. They can be made to order in all combinations of colors at a small amount a square foot.

There are many other good-looking floor coverings on the market. The important thing is to choose something which will withstand the effect of strong sunlight and which will lie flat and smooth on the floor when the chairs are moved about.

You and your guests will enjoy the open-air room more than any room in the house. It is not surprising when one considers how simple and practical it is for many forms of entertainment. It is pleasant for afternoon tea and for supper parties. And it only takes a minute to push back the tables and chairs and roll up the rug and the room is ready for dancing.

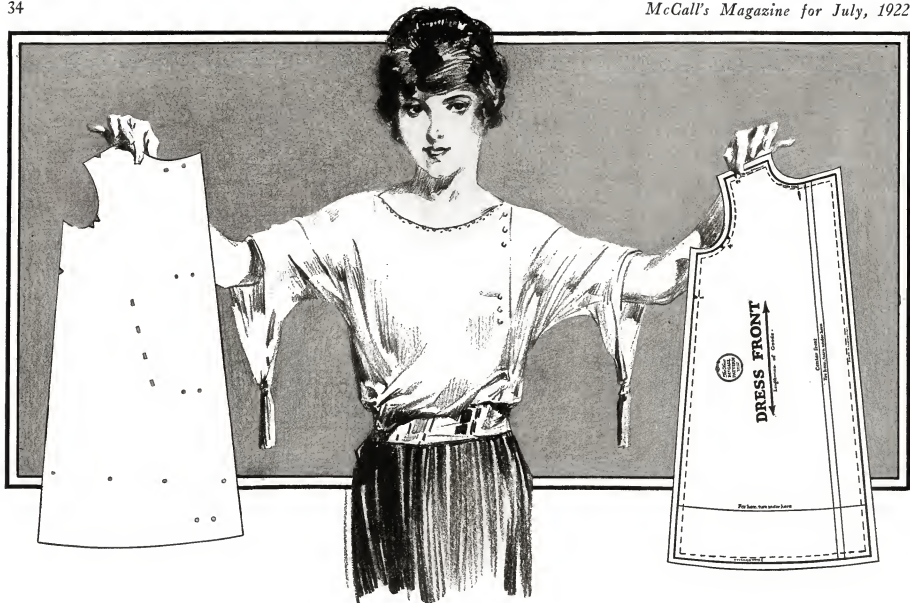
The plans of decoration I have suggested in this article could be adapted to any sunroom or breakfast-room. I always enjoy planning these open-air rooms. It is easy to turn them into pleasant, friendly places.

FLORIENT
Flowers of the Orient
Colgate & Co.

IN Florient Talc, the comfort of a soothing powder is combined with the luxury of a fashionable scent. This after-the-bath powder keeps the skin dainty and fragrant.

Florient Face Powder gives a finishing touch and adds the final breath of perfume.

COLGATE



The Speechless Pattern—and the Pattern that “Speaks for Itself”

THERE are just two kinds of patterns—no more. One is the old-style pattern with its puzzling perforations and unidentified parts.

The other is The New McCall Pattern—*printed* in plain English—not perforated with hieroglyphics.

The first real advance in pattern-making in fifty years makes The New McCall Printed Pattern *the only modernized pattern.*

The New Pattern saves *half your time* in cutting out and making a garment.

You read as you cut. Instructions lie always plainly before you so that it is impossible to go wrong. Costly mistakes are avoided.

Material is saved. “I thought it would take much more,” is a frequent comment of McCall Pattern users.

The old-time limp tissue pattern *cannot*, because of the way it is made, have the exact lines of the original.

That is why adjustments and refittings are always necessary.

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2591...30	2604...45	2617...30	2630...25
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2657...45	2689...30	2721...30	2753...45
2658...30	2690...30	2722...30	2754...25
2659...25	2691...40	2723...25	2755...45
2660...25	2692...45	2724...25	2756...30
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2662...40	2694...30	2726...30	2758...45
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Judgments of West Paradise

[Continued from page 23]

lazy summer-evening drone of Main Street like a steel edge, and a crowd of loafers gathered in the doorway.

Keefe strolled from behind the counter with affected indifference, halted before the ominous expression of Jud's face.

"You know what's comin' to you. Get ready!"

"You're crazy, Jud Calkins." He lowered his bull head, protruded the heavy jaw threateningly. "You want to land in jail where you belong?" Then to his audience, as he saw no signs of weakening in Jud's set face. "You're all witnesses to it. He's mad!"

Jud wasted no words. He did the job cleanly and thoroughly. Jerome Keefe was a flashy coward. Gently enough, Jud prodded the sprawling mass that was Keefe with the toe of one man-sized shoe and breathed a deep sigh of relief; then he pushed his way through the crowd and headed for home.

Melroe rose up out of the purple shadows of the porch. "I was worried about you," she breathed; there was still a lingering sob in her voice. She was very close to him, a dim, small figure in the starlight, and all about them lay the caressing warmth and stillness of an August night. Sweet and rather ridiculous that she should be worried about him.

What was she saying? "—and so I can't stay on here any longer, Jud. You must—"

He heard his own voice, strangely harsh. "Where you goin'?"

"I—don't know."

And then, without awkwardness, as though it was the only natural thing to do, Jud found himself gathering her close into his arms. "I love you—I can't let you go."

"I love you, too." With one of her fierce little gusts of passion, she clung to him and buried her face in his shoulder.

THE clatter and choking dust of a passing automobile disturbed the peace, and realization swept over Jud.

"I can't," he groaned. "It's not fair to you, Melroe."

"Hush!" He did not care—what you've done."

But Jud broke away, horrified. The thing which he had been guarding against had happened. Melroe was right; it would be impossible for her to stay on here now.

Back in his mind, was a vague hurt that Melroe, too, should believe him guilty. But Melroe's immediate future was the important thing. Melroe was young yet; somehow she would live down the stain upon her own name. Rooted as he was in the home soil, it was characteristic of Jud that the idea of leaving West Paradise should occur to him only at this extremity.

"Listen, Melroe, you've got to go up to the city where folks won't know you."

"I don't want to go to the city."

"Jud mopped his face helplessly." "Look here, Melroe, I hadn't any right to say what I did to you a while back. You will believe I'm tryin' to do what's best for you?"

She softened. "The way it is, Jud, you love me and I—love you—and nothing else matters. But if you will have a fairytale ending—"

"A fairytale endin'?"

"We'll have to invent alibis for two." There came to Melroe a flash of bitter insight that was not youthful. "Running away won't help me. Marriage is the only alibi for me, and I guess you're the person, Jud."

Please, Jud, that sounded horrid, only you're so stupid."

"Reckon you're right." Jud buried his face in his two hands. Melroe married to him! Suddenly Jud wanted his name clear for Melroe as he had never wanted it clear for himself. He wanted honor and respect for Melroe with a passion of which he would not have believed himself capable.

Jud sat up with his problem that night. The old loyalty to Larry battled with his new fierce need for Melroe. He made his decision.

"There's one way out," he told Melroe gravely at breakfast. "You'll wait until I try it, honey?"

Melroe promised.

Their breakfast was interrupted by the appearance of one Seth Jenkins, town loafer. "Good mornin' you pulled off on old Keefe last night," he drawled. "Keefe's mad. He's ain't to raise the taxes so much, is he? He's got to let them tax it run you out. Thought I'd jus' tip you off."

Jud scraped back his chair, strode down town, and dispatched a wire telegram.

His answer came by telegram in the afternoon. He went straight to Adam Weaver, the town constable. "I've got something to say, informal like, to the whole town, constable. I want 'em all to hear. It concerns me—and Melroe Swearing."

[Turn to page 36]

Joys of July

Puffed Rice with berries



Like Fruit and Nuts

Puffed Grains, light and airy, taste like toasted nuts. The texture is like snowflakes, crushing at a touch. So these slimy morsels mixed with fruit add what flaky crust adds to short-cake or to pie.

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Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Every food cell steam exploded

THE FLOWERS' BIG PARADE

Fourth of July in the Garden

By Corinne Pauli



Johnny-Jump-Up + his deroplanes



Zinnia & Marigold Petunia

This morning the flowers had left their own places and were mixed up all around. Betty rubbed her eyes and looked closer. The flowers were marching about in rows like soldiers and while she stared, they began to form themselves into the line of a parade.

Heading the procession were the Larkspurs, carrying a big banner. As they came nearer, Betty read on it, "All we ask is a Safe and Sound Fourth and No Fire Crackers in the Garden."

Back of them came the Phlox, keeping time wonderfully to the music furnished by the file and drum corps.

Poppo was the drum-major, resplendent in his scarlet uniform, and the Sweet Williams watched every wave of his baton, as one played the file and the other played rat-a-tat on a balloon flower which was used as a drum. At one side of the garden walk were Zinnia and Marigold, which perched on top of a toadstool, which served as a grandstand.

There was only room for two on top, so Marigold was telling Petunia, who stood right behind them, all about it. He could see almost everything, but she was afraid he might miss something, and this was a very important parade, as you all know who have seen how sad the garden looks after fire crackers have been shot off in it.

Nasturtium was the grand marshal, and he dashed madly up and down the garden on the back of a great big grasshopper. He had a frightful lot of responsibility on his shoulders, and was very much worried. A bunch of Sweet Peas stood by the brick walk of the garden, waving to friends in the parade. They had such delicate

frocks that their mother wouldn't let them march.

At their feet sat a very ragged Ragged Robin. She had no mother to keep her frocks nice and clean, and was too shabby-looking to march in the parade. A big float was coming down the garden, carried by four Forget-Me-Nots, and inside the green leaf that formed the chariot sat an American Beauty Rose, with Sun Flower for her escort. Just as they came opposite the bunch of Sweet Peas, they heard a shrill

little voice crying, "I won't go away! I won't go away! I want to be in the parade, too!"

Everyone turned, to see the Lightning-Bug Night Watchman—who was a policeman by day—dragging away Dandelion. They made so much fuss that American Beauty stopped the float to see what could be done about it.

It seems that Dandelion was in the parade, when the Lightning-Bug Policeman came by and told him to get out of line—that this was a parade of flowers and he was just



Larkspurs



Lightning-Bug Policeman dragging Dandelion



Sweet Williams Poppo



Phlox

Beauty heard this she said, "I think Dandelion is right."

While Betty stood staring, the parade reached the path in front of the door. They turned here at right angles and marched straight on up the path and into the house! Betty gave a gasp, and just then heard her mother say, "Wake up, Betty! It's nearly breakfast time."

And when she went into the dining-room there, in the center of the table, was a big bowl full of Larkspurs, and Phlox and Sweet William and all the other flowers she had seen in the parade, and she knew it hadn't been a dream.

a weed! Of course, that hurt Dandelion's feelings most awfully, and he said he wasn't just a weed; that he was of more account than anyone in the parade, 'cause besides being pretty and yellow to look at, he was good to eat; that all the grown-ups liked to make dandelion salad from his leaves.

When American

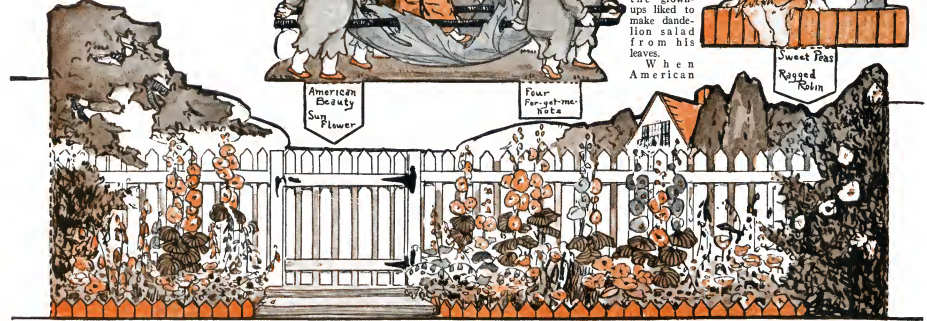


Sweet Peas Ragged Robin



American Beauty Sun Flower

Four Forget-Me-Nots



Before cutting out the page, paste it on a sheet of light-weight cardboard, letting it dry under a heavy book. The tabs at each side of the garden should be $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, so that when they are bent back on the dotted line it will stand upright. Nine pieces of cardboard $\frac{1}{2}$ inches square should next be cut with a slash $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long through the center of each. Put the little pointed

tabs on the flower-children through these slashes and bend back on dotted lines, and the flowers, too, will stand alone. A string with a large knot in the end can be run through a hole pierced in the center of Johnny-Jump-Up's hat, so that he, in his aeroplane, can sail over the garden. He is the dashing young camera-man of the World of Flowers, snapping pictures here and there.

FINDINGS from THE FOOD WORKSHOP of TEACHER'S COLLEGE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Steps Toward the Science of Cookery

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

IN THE days when meat to be a fine lady meant to be a "foaf giver," the queen of the great castle could sew and brew and bake and was proud of her knowledge of house-keeping. There were many servants but the "lady" was trained to direct them and to be a capable mistress. We may deplore the time spent by Queen Charlotte and her attendants on some of the needless tasks passed on to us, but we sympathize with the spirit of the times when housewifely accomplishments were a matter of pride.

Later came the feeling among many that the lack of knowledge of household affairs was a sign of wealth and distinction. Unhappily a woman would boast that her daughter could not boil water and that she herself never went into her kitchen. Not only was she unable to cook, but she had no interest in the selection and preparation of food for her family. Such tasks were too menial for her.

Now we are getting to a point where we seek knowledge of all things pertaining to living and where ability to work is a desirable accomplishment. Few women are contented to be members of a community. Today a woman is proud of her reputation as a housekeeper and an intelligent mother, and is willing to spend time learning how to perform her duties.

But being a good housekeeper in this age is much harder than in the days of the lady who sewed and fine. The studies of the physical welfare of the family have brought out as never before the need for clear-headed reasoning and judgment and for a knowledge not only of the arts of housekeeping but of the scientific principles underlying the arts.

Eating to live is taking on a new meaning as we are shown how the choice of food affects the health of the entire family. Keeping fit is not a haphazard matter, but a real calling for brains as well as hands. Today the woman must know how to select food and how to cook it well, because wise choosing comes to naught if followed by poor cooking and unappetizing serving.

WITH the realization that house-keeping is not a matter of instinct but of knowledge our whole system of education has had injected into it training in all the arts of the household. The once scoffed idea of a girl being taught to cook has lived to see his daughter counting cookery courses toward her college degree.

It is common nowadays to see in print the statement, "Now that cookery has become a science," as though we had already arrived at the end of the road along which we have only begun to travel. The attainment of scientific accuracy is a long slow process and it is doubtful whether such a complex subject as cookery can ever become an exact science. But much has been done and much can yet be done.

One of the first steps in the scientific study of any subject is the attempt to classify existing knowledge and to determine what is fundamental. If the modern young woman had time and opportunity to study cookery in her home kitchen she would gradually learn to cook a great variety of unrelated dishes with no attempt at their classification. But today when short cuts must be utilized and when we have not time to teach a large number of recipes we have to use what time we have for teaching the fundamental recipes and for showing them how they can be varied to give countless dishes.

If a woman learns to make white bread she can easily make coffee bread or by adding eggs, sugar and fat she can make a coffee cake. The underlying principles and the materials used in these are much the same. If she has a

good recipe for vanilla ice-cream she can vary it by adding alcohol and extra sugar. But how much chocolate must be added and how much sugar to offset its bitterness? The rule is to add a square of chocolate for each pint of liquid and to use one-fourth more sugar than was needed for the fundamental vanilla ice-cream.

Many rules for variations such as these are being collected and verified in the food workshop so that every woman does not have to do her own experimenting at the risk of wasting materials. Once the fundamentals are grasped these rules for variations provide a boundless opportunity for cooking new dishes for the family. The monotony of cookery becomes a thing of the past.

Sometimes it is very convenient to know how to substitute one thing for another. But this cannot be done by guesswork. Perhaps you have eaten some wonderful brown-sugar cake at a tea-room and have welcomed the change from the plain cake you have been serving in your own home. You do not feel that you can ask the tea-room manager for her recipe. Why bother her? You can substitute brown sugar for white in any of your own favorite recipes for cakes, cookies or puddings by putting in one

In some substitutions allowance must be made for a lack of seasoning. When the war made the price of olive oil prohibitive there was a general demand for the American salad oils. When these were first used many families objected—the accustomed flavor was missing. But when the discriminating woman studied the situation and added zest to her salad dressing by using a little more salt, paprika and mustard, the substitution was cheerfully accepted.

SUBSTITUTIONS which bring about palatable results may not always be desirable—taste is not the whole story. Because things taste equally good, they do not necessarily have the same nutritive value. Two cakes may be made equally light, one with fewer eggs than another. If you save eggs from the cake in order to serve an omelette for lunch you are not depriving your family of necessary food. But if you leave eggs out of your menu, are you putting in enough milk, meat and similar foods to make up for their omission?

In the scientific study of cookery, recipes are tried and tested, simplified and corrected before they are passed on. To avoid confusion, level measurements are always used. One of the first re-

combining must have failed to tell the cook that chocolate once melted would quickly reharden in a cold liquid. Hence it should be added gradually to the hot custard foundation. Every woman who cooks could add to this list instances from her own experience of the lack of clear working directions. But we are progressing through research on the best methods for cookery processes.

Formerly directions casually told us to "cook until done," regardless of length of time required or amount of heat to be applied. But today we are endeavoring to find out what "done" means. It should mean that just the right amount of heat has been applied to the food to develop in it the best possible flavor. Is food "done" when it is soft or when it is too soft to look well? What do we really mean by "overdone" or "underdone"?

The consideration of these questions is helping to put cookery on a more scientific basis. The new temperature cookery is the study of the results of the application of heat to food. Food materials are very complex. They may be spoiled by too much heat or properly cooked when just the right temperature is applied. Cooking is an understanding of what temperature does to our food.

Foods may need a high temperature for a short time, a low temperature for a long time or various combinations of time and temperature. Although we do not yet know the heat needed by every food, proper cooking can be based on established rules.

One is that egg mixtures should not be subjected to a high temperature. When this takes them tough. We therefore cook such things as omelettes, merinques, custards and sponge cakes at low degrees of heat, 250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

On the other hand when we depend on steam for expansion as in the popping of a popper, high temperatures are necessary. We also use hot oven (400 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit) for such things as pastry and bakings—powder biscuits and for searing roasts.

Moderate temperatures (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) are used for bread, cake, cookies and such seared dishes as oysters or macaroni and cheese.

THE boiling temperature which so many of us have considered stationary is really a variable. When those who live at sea level say "boil for 20 minutes" of course they mean at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. But how long must potatoes be cooked on a mountain top where the boiling point is only 180 degrees Fahrenheit—or lower? If the boiling point is lower, the water is not so hot and therefore the time for cooking must be increased in order to bring about the proper changes in the food.

To get a higher temperature than boiling we use the pressure cooker. At first this was known mainly at high altitudes but now it is being used in the country over to shorten the time for cooking. Contrasted with the pressure cooker the old-fashioned slow cooking effectively employed for long-time cooking processes. Much research must be done before we can intelligently make relative merits of long slow cooking and rapid cooking.

The application of science to the art of cookery is helping us to classify our knowledge, to standardize our fundaments, to give us a knowledge of the variations and substitutions and to give accurate directions for manipulation. We can know when we are doing the art of cookery, yet pass it on to successive generations enriched by the discoveries of science. We can have a salute—an ever increasing measure to the advancement of right living.



In the Food Workshop at Teacher's College, students learn the need for accuracy in measurements

and one-third cups of brown where you have been accustomed to use one cup of white.

In the food workshop where we made brown-sugar cakes of all kinds we especially liked this variation of our sponge cake; and we scarcely recognized our plain cake when brown sugar was substituted for white not only in the cake but also in the chocolate frosting.

The use of cocoa for chocolate does not change the taste or appearance of a dish, but it is a substitution of convenience. For every square of chocolate called for in your recipe, use three level tablespoons of cocoa and add three-fourths tablespoon of fat. This fat is added because the chocolate contains more fat than the cocoa and without it your cake or cookies will be less rich than usual.

quites for uniform cooking is extreme care in measuring.

Next comes care in manipulation. The way of combining ingredients may make or mar a dish. In a sauce, finely chopped onion, browned in fat, gives a far more delicate flavor than large pieces of onion half cooked in the sauce itself. Yet if careful working directions are not given the novice how is the inexperienced cook to know the best way of sauce making?

Chilling cookie dough before rolling makes better, crisper cookies, because they can be rolled thinner. Does your recipe call for this?

Everyone has eaten chocolate ice-cream filled with tiny hard particles of chocolate which were not well mixed through the cream. The directions for



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The Bull

[Continued from page 13]

He was fighting for words. Something in his strength and his trouble brought tears to Eve's eyes.

He spoke at last. "Eve . . . From the very first moment I saw you, pullin' the roses, I knew you was the one for me. I was—lonely. When I thought you went there to meet another man, I . . .

The difficult deep words rumbled and died. His eyes entreated her. She said: "I know. You was hurt, and so you was angry. I—been hurt that way, too."

He answered roughly: "You pulled me out of the mud, or I'd be here. Eve, you've pullin' me out of this. . . . You goin' to let me—sink back—into the other? Eve?"

She looked now, not at him, but at the stars. Soon she said, softly, half-hearted: "The first moment. It happens sometimes—that way. I guess I know."

"Eve?"

"That the roses was all pulled for you. That was you I'd been waitin' for."

In a moment he wheeled from her. He said abruptly, "You shall ride home. . . ."

He crashed into the brush. Eve, you've pullin' me out of this. . . . You goin' to let me—sink back—into the other? Eve?"

She looked now, not at him, but at the stars. Soon she said, softly, half-hearted: "The first moment. It happens sometimes—that way. I guess I know."

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She looked now, not at him, but at the stars. Soon she said, softly, half-hearted: "The first moment. It happens sometimes—that way. I guess I know."

"Eve?"

"That the roses was all pulled for you. That was you I'd been waitin' for."

In a moment he wheeled from her. He said abruptly, "You shall ride home. . . ."

He crashed into the brush. Eve, you've pullin' me out of this. . . . You goin' to let me—sink back—into the other? Eve?"

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"Eve?"

"That the roses was all pulled for you. That was you I'd been waitin' for."

In a moment he wheeled from her. He said abruptly, "You shall ride home. . . ."

He crashed into the brush. Eve, you've pullin' me out of this. . . . You goin' to let me—sink back—into the other? Eve?"

She looked now, not at him, but at the stars. Soon she said, softly, half-hearted: "The first moment. It happens sometimes—that way. I guess I know."

"Eve?"



A better way to can



One easy turn of the Lorain Heat Regulator wheel gives you a choice of a measured air-d controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

JUDGE for yourself whether the Lorain Oven Method is "A Better Way to Can at Home." Take peaches, for instance. The luscious, golden yellow peach, firm, sweet and full of flavor, is one of America's favorite fruits.

Here's the way to can peaches by the Lorain Oven Method: Wash and sterilize the jars, covers and rubbers, just as you always do. Scald the peaches to loosen skins; dip quickly in cold water; skin, and cut in halves; pack halves in jars.

Now fill the jars with boiling water, or with syrup if additional sweetening is desired. Place rubbers in position, and adjust covers loosely.

Light the gas oven. Set the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator at 250 degrees. Place the filled jars in the oven; close the door. Leave quart jars in oven one hour; pint jars forty minutes. Then go out of the kitchen and forget you are canning until the alarm clock tells you time is up. When the clock signals, remove jars from oven and tighten the covers. Your canning is done! Simple, isn't it? Yet this is what you've accomplished by this new method:

- First: The fruits or vegetables retain that fresh-from-the-garden flavor.
- Second: They keep firm.
- Third: They have a much finer appearance.
- Fourth: You've avoided all kettle boiling and all standing and stirring over a hot stove.
- Fifth: You've done your canning in much less working-time than is required by any other process.
- Sixth: You've saved gas.

Any fruit or vegetable may be canned perfectly by the Lorain Oven Method. The process was perfected in the laboratories of the American Stove Company after months of experimentation. Today this method is being used successfully by thousands upon thousands of housewives who are the happy possessors of gas ranges equipped with this remarkable device—the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

Wherever gas is used you'll find dealers who sell Lorain-equipped gas ranges. If you want to learn how to make canning a joy instead of a task, go to any of these dealers and ask him to demonstrate this method. He'll be glad to do it. If you want a copy of the Lorain Canning Chart which explains in detail how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables, just fill in and mail the attached coupon.

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DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Company
Div., Louisville, Ohio
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Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company
Div., St. Louis, Mo.
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Cleveland, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
157 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of "Lorain Oven Canning Chart."
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

No. 2744, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 47-inch length. Small size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Ribbon roses make an attractive finish for this cape if developed in heavy silk crepe. Note the long fashionable panels. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2737, MISSES' EVENING DRESS; suitable for small women; back in one piece with side draperies; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The sole adornment of this dress is of beads for which Transfer Design No. 1119 may be used.

No. 2748, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE WAFF; 47-inch length. Small size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. To accompany your evening frock this wrap is most desirable developed in satin. It may also be used for afternoons.

No. 2760, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The draped idea is especially suited to evening frocks for young people. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.



2737 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1119



2744 Cape
Small, medium, large
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2748 Cape Wrap
Small, medium, large



2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

The Outlook

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE only way to circumvent hot weather is to keep cool in clothes that are as near the minimum as law, order and good taste allow.

No woman is a philosopher in a warm gown under a warmer sun. If she is to be happy, she is to be well-dressed, which in this especial set of circumstances, means whatever is cool. So much the American Continent understands no matter what France predicts, prescribes and prohibits.

Strangely enough and most satisfactory, is the verdict of approval Paris has rendered unto that class of clothes which keeps us cool in our climate. Organdie, calico, transparent crepe, Chinese silk weaves under various names, colorful chaille, cotton crepe and coarse linen dot the surface of shop counters. Over these, women pucker the brow, select, take home, buy patterns and go to work. Bury winter clothes with the dead winter, say they.

At black they do not need to cast a second look; not even a first one. Brown, if it has copper or bronze in it, demands attention, because it has suddenly flowered into a new growth. France says it will surely be extensively worn at the first breath of chill air. So the forehand may as well argue over the advisability of accepting this verdict and make ready for September by possessing a frock of it by July.

No brown that is opaque finds welcome now. Let the future take care of that. Transparency is sought. There are Georgette crepes, voiles, organdies and limes a-plenty to supply the needs of hot weather. Bronze linen gowns with Puritan collars of white linen, of lace and white muslin are in the first fashion and

are sufficiently uncommon to attract attention. Deep brown chiffon frocks threaded with fine gold patterns, and others depending merely upon fragile and skillful tucking, or clever drapery, serve for the frock we are apt to call "our best." Brown organdie with a flounced skirt is good when it carries a narrow belt of French blue picot ribbon dropping in long ends at the back.

The summer should be full of flowered frocks. There is the new kind of chaille with its little formal flowers, also, which is ruffled until it looks as Victorian as Blue Bristol glass and a cross-stitch sampler. There is a picot ribbon belt with ends; often there are wristlets of this ribbon, holding a widely opened sleeve to the wrist by one side only. Don't forget this fashion for two-inch ribbon in colors such as bright pink, periwinkle and French blue, flag red and apple green. Especially the latter should be carried in the mind when one's mind is bent on the completion of several sprightly frocks. The watered ribbon is rising into power. Don't forget that, either.

The onrush of bright colors in summer costumery should not blind a woman to the important and interesting variants of the most established fashions that are branching out here and there. The keen watcher sees signs of a complete breaking down of the oblong neckline in the Autumn. The newer blouses have elongated collars that turn widely over and roll down the chest. They are finished by a pirate's cravat of broad silk or satin ribbon. It is often in black. If the blouse has a colored pattern in it that demands a colored cravat, very well, but the smart thing is black.

[Turn to page 44]



2737

2744



2748

2760

What We Will Wear On a Mid-Summer Afternoon

No. 2735, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. For the darning-stitch embroidery, Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2755, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 8½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The ribbon roses at girdle may be made from Transfer Design No. 1157.

No. 2758, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. If desired, Transfer Design No. 983 may be used.

No. 2663, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Here is a design excellent for a tub frock of gingham or washable silk.

No. 2669, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt. Width at lower edge 1½ yards.

No. 2753, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Gingham and organdie are cool looking.

No. 2657, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1½ yards. Dotted swiss and organdie is a combination suggested.



2735 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer
Design
No. 927

2755 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1157



2753 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2657 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2758 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 983

2663 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



2735

2755

2753

2657

2758

2663

2669

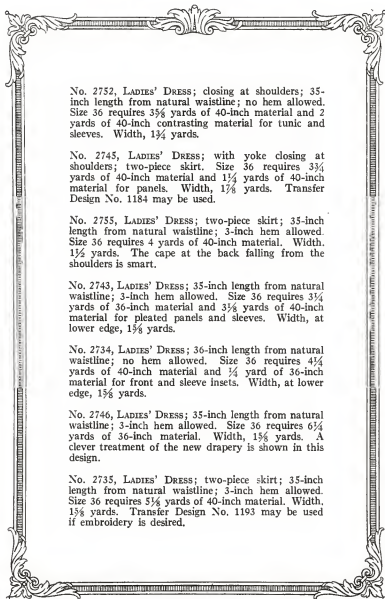
2669 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

How Paris Uses Draperies and Pleated Panels



2752 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

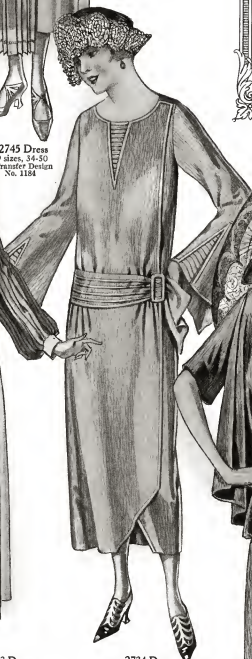
2745 Dress
6 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design
No. 1184



2755 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2749 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



2734 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2746 Dress
5 sizes, 34-42



2735 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1189



Of Sheer Cottons or More Substantial Silks Are These Six Summery Frocks



2667 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1190

2596 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2727 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1117



2652 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2728 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1140



2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1137

No. 2667, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Taffeta would make a delightful frock with beaded collar and tunics. Transfer Design No. 1190 may be used.

No. 2596, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Organize or georgette would be equally successful for the development of this charming draped frock outlined with hem-stitching.

No. 2727, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves; two-piece tucked skirt; 6-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 yards. For the ribbon roses at wristline, Transfer Design No. 1117 may be used.

No. 2652, MISSES' THREE-PIECE COSTUME; suitable for small women; slip-on blouse, cape and two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch lining for skirt. Width of skirt, 2 yards.

No. 2728, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; fullness adjusted at waist by elastic; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch for sleeves. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 1140 may be used.

No. 2760, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A ribbon rose for which Transfer Design No. 1137 may be used takes the place of the usual girdle in this frock of moire.

The Outlook

[Continued from page 41]

THIS collar does not hug the neck at the back. That's an ugly line. It tilts back from it and it is almost as wide where it ends as it is on the shoulders. And mark you this: the wide rolling collar is pulled outside the jacket. That's a startling permit for high fashion to give women.

As far as the neckline is concerned, however, there is slight reason to follow one fashion. Square openings are advocated; the long V. is reestablished; and the tight round neckband with its Peter Pan collar is retained by the young. No matter what the color of the cravat, it is there and it is big. It never hides its light under a bush. It is too new not to be strident.

Gradually, also, is the armhole changing. Do you notice how few kimono sleeves you see? It is necessary that they should disappear if the tightened armhole continues. From armholes that extend to the waist, we are subtly turning to armholes that are so small they seem to cramp the arm. Blouses, bodices, jackets show the same movement. The wide sleeve is not vanishing; merely the armhole is shrinking. The ancient peasant sleeve demands this shoulder line for it wants a foundation for the ornamental brassard sleeve top or the tiny yoke that circles the arm just below the shoulder as a dog collar goes about the neck.

[Turn to page 43]



Spread Out Your Silhouette If You Will But Keep Your Waistline Low



2737 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 981



2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2728 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2749 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

The Outlook

(Continued from page 44)

THESE various fashions will increase as the season deepens. They are only in their infancy now. Whatever else they may do, they will succeed in making a short kimono sleeve look as much out of the picture as a knee-length skirt. We accept fashions slowly, so it may be that extra lengths will not be added to our wide short sleeves until we are quite, quite through adding pieces of material to our skirt, hence so they will sweep the ankles, or inserting an extra few inches over the hips to be covered by a girldie. It is a happy thought that we can turn a short arm covering into wrist length by a yard of fabric and two yards of ingenuity.

By right and reasoning the waistline should be lowered as skirts lengthen. But they are expected to go higher with the mercury. We may soon be all legs. No one considers you old-fashioned if you happen to wear wide girdles placed far down on the hips, but the fact remains that the line is shifting and the belt is narrowing. Those little ribbon belts with the long ends are symbols. Yet the long bodice, the kind that is built like the corsets of the Fifteenth Century, which reaches to the hips where it joins a wide skirt, is in the best graces of the dressmakers. To the wise and the prophetic, it argues the gradual displacement of the immensely wide blouse that overbalanced a short, slim skirt.

Today, at this hour, we are a bit top-heavy. Tomorrow, in the morning, we will carry our width below the waist.



2757 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2759 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1193



2737 2760 2728 2749 2757 2759

No. 2749, MISSES' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for side panels, yoke, lower part of sleeves and trimming bands. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2728, MISSES' Dress; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch lace for the cape sleeves. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2760, MISSES' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. With its graceful side draperies, this sleeveless evening gown would be exceedingly attractive developed in satin.

No. 2737, MISSES' EVENING Dress; suitable for small women; back in one-piece with side draperies; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 981 may be used for trimming and would add a desirable finish.

No. 2757, MISSES' Dress; suitable for small women; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of ruffling. Width, 1½ yards. For an afternoon frock, satin or silk crepe will make up nicely.

No. 2759, MISSES' Dress; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt with underskirt front. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for underskirt front. Width, 1½ yards. For the cross-stitch trimming Transfer Design No. 1193 may be used.

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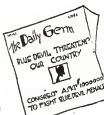
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Have you concluded that linoleum would never come bright — use Blue Devil on it once

Don't let your grocer do a Rip Van Winkle — show him 13c and say Blue Devil



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Blouses and Bathing Suits in Trios and a Couple of New Skirts

No. 2569, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The use of pleats in this simple slip-on blouse brings it right up to date.

No. 2645, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE; with raglan sleeves. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. For this design, if embroidered with cross-stitch, you may use Transfer Design No. 1163.

No. 2764, LADIES' SLIP-ON RAGLAN BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. To trim this blouse in the effective manner illustrated, Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2679, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; closing at shoulder; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1154 may be used.

No. 2164, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; closing at shoulder; with combination undergarment. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, and 2¼ yards of 40-inch material for undergarment.

No. 2676, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; closing at shoulder; with combination undergarment. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and 2½ yards of 40-inch for undergarment.

No. 2582, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 48- or 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2742, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 40- or 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.



2569 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

2645 Blouse
6 sizes
34-44
Transfer Design No. 1163



2679 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1154



2582 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2679 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16; 36-42
Transfer Design No. 1154



2742 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2164 Bathing Suit
Small, medium, large

2676 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16; 36-42

The Coolest Frocks and Aprons to Work In When Warm Days Come



2366
House Dress
small, medium,
large

2536
House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



2362 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 1172

2551 Apron
Small, medium, large

2523
House Dress
6 sizes, 34-46



2362 2366 2212 2551 2523 2536

2212 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2366, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for trimming bands. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2536, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for cuffs and pockets. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 2362, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1172 may be used for the applique motifs to serve as trimming.

No. 2551, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A gay-patterned crêponne makes this simple apron a most attractive garment to use while working. Gingham or chambray might be used just as effectively.

No. 2523, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2212, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 37-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch checked material and ½ yard of 36-inch plain material for collar, belt and cuffs. Width, 1½ yards.



One symptom they don't discuss

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic. In most cases it is merely local and temporary.

Meet halitosis in a scientific way—with Listerine. It is the ideally effective mouth deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Simply use it as a mouth wash and gargle. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit. It has now been on the market for half a century. Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
USE
LISTERINE



Tub Frocks With the Newest Touches

No. 2739, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Smocked and braided is this smart little dress. Transfer Design No. 987 may be used.

No. 2640, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A front lacing makes this model especially desirable. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

2739 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer Design No. 987

2640 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer Design No. 1184

2750 Apron
6 sizes, 4-14

2644 Romper
4 sizes, 1-5

2763 Dress
6 sizes, 1-10
Transfer Design No. 1189

No. 2750, GIRL'S APRON. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Checked gingham makes as practical an apron as anyone could desire.

No. 2763, CHILD'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. The scalloped edges have a marked charm. Transfer Design No. 1103 may be used.

No. 2644, CHILD'S ROSEBOP. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, and ¼ yard of the same width contrasting to trim.

No. 2756, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Embroidered voile is suggested for this dress.

No. 2731, GIRL'S DRESS; closing at shoulder; kimono sleeves. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

2762 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2762, GIRL'S DRESS; with kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch plain and 1½ yards of 36-inch checked material.

Transfer Design No. 1186

2756 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2756

2739

2640

2762

2750

2763

2644

2731

2731 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

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IF a summer of outdoor life has roughened or sunburned your skin, you can restore its texture and smoothness with applications of "Vaseline" White Petroleum Jelly. It is pure and bland—better for the skin than elaborate cosmetics.

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(Consolidated)
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A little Sani-Flush shaken into the water in the closet bowl according to directions, and then flushed out, removes all visible stains and incrustations.

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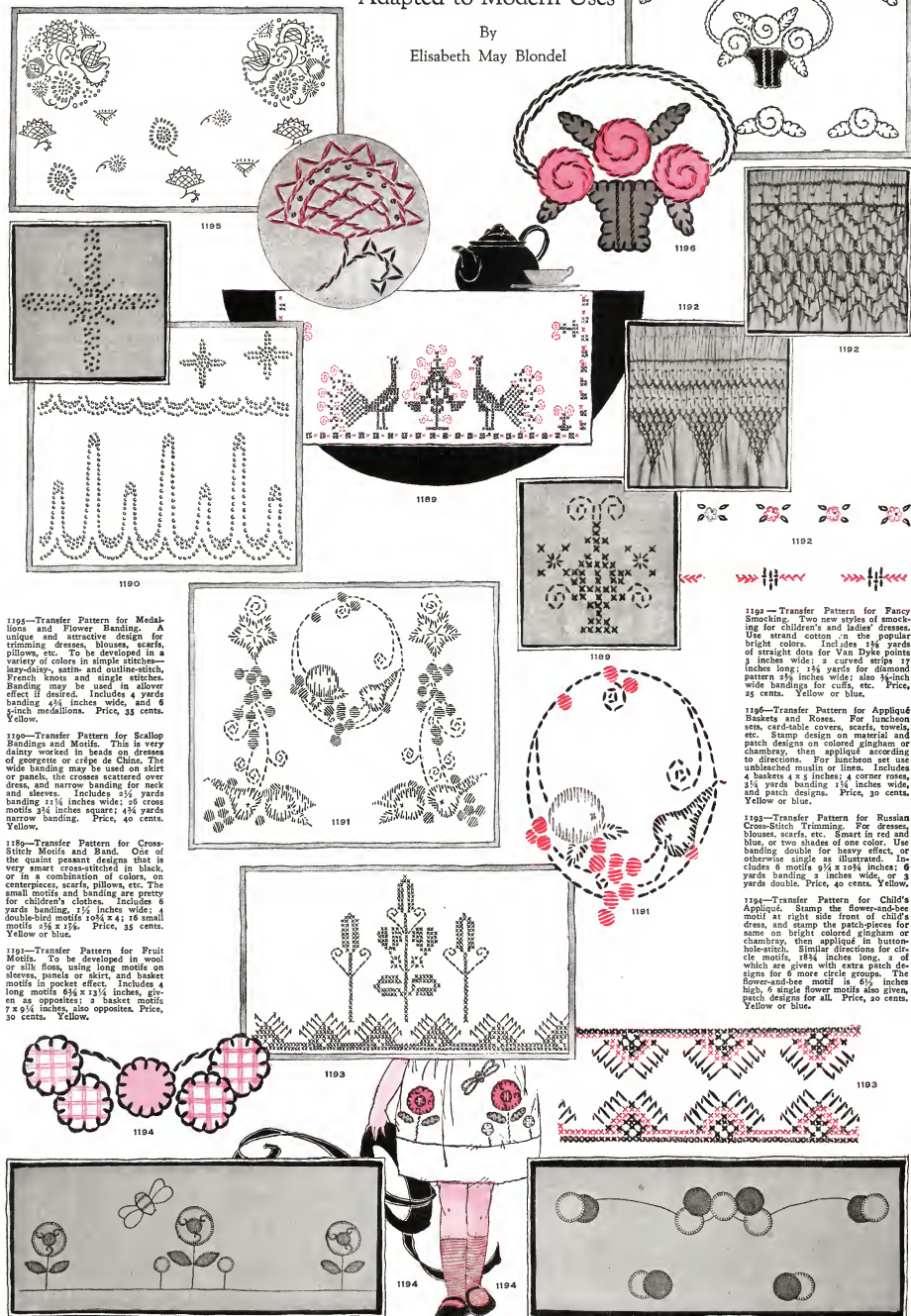
Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamp for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
CANTON, OHIO

Canadian Agents
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Newest Trimmings Feature Old Peasant Designs Adapted to Modern Uses

By
Elisabeth May Blondel



1195—Transfer Pattern for Medallions and Flower Bandings. A unique and attractive design for trimming dresses, blouses, scarfs, pillows, etc. To be developed in a variety of colors in simple stitches—saw-tooth, satin and outline-stitch, French knots and single stitches. Banding may be used in all-over effect if desired. Includes 4 yards banding $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 6 inch medallions. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

1196—Transfer Pattern for Scallop Bandings and Motifs. This is very dainty worked in beads on dresses of georgette or crêpe de Chine. The wide banding may be used on skirt or panel, the crosses scattered over dress, and narrow banding for neck and sleeves. Includes 2½ yards banding $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide; 25 cross motifs $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches square; 4¾ yards narrow banding. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1197—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Motifs and Band. One of the quaint peasant designs that is very smart cross-stitched in black, or in a combination of colors, on centrepieces, scarfs, pillows, etc. The small motifs and banding are pretty for children's clothes. Includes 6 yards banding, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide; 4 double-hill motifs $10\frac{1}{2} \times 4$; 16 small motifs $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1198—Transfer Pattern for Fruit Motifs. To be developed in wool or silk floss, using long motifs on sleeves, panels or skirt, and basket motifs in pocket effect. Includes 4 long motifs $6\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, given as opposites; 2 basket motifs $7 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, also opposites. Price, 30 cents. Yellow.

1199—Transfer Pattern for Fancy Smocking. Two new styles of smocking for children's and ladies' dresses. Use strand cotton in the popular bright colors. Includes 2½ yards of straight dots for Van Dyke points $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; 2 curved strips $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; 2½ yards for diamond pattern $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; also $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide bandings for cuffs, etc. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1196—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Baskets and Roses. For luncheon sets, card-table covers, scarfs, towels, etc. Stamp design on material and patch designs on colored gingham or chambray, then appliqué according to directions. For luncheon set use unbleached muslin or linen. Includes 4 baskets 4×2 inches; 4 corner roses, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards banding $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and patch designs. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1193—Transfer Pattern for Russian Cross-Stitch Trimming. For dresses, blouses, scarfs, etc. Stamp in red and blue, or two shades of one color. Use banding double for heavy effect, or otherwise single as illustrated. Includes 6 motifs $2\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 6 yards banding $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, or 3 yards double. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1194—Transfer Pattern for Child's Appliqué. Stamp the flower-and-bee motif all right side front of child's dress, and stamp the patch-pieces for same in bright colored gingham or chambray, then appliqué in button-hole-stitch. Similar directions for circle motifs, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 2 of which are given with extra patch designs for 6 more circle groups. The flower-and-bee motif is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches high; 6 single flower motifs also given, patch designs for all. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



*I am free—
you may be*

NONSPI

(An Antiseptic Liquid)

**Frees You
from Excessive Armpit
Perspiration**

Even on the Hottest Day

EXCESSIVE Armpit Perspiration is an unhealthful condition. Furthermore, it is the relentless enemy of dainty women. Time was when perspiration ruined gowns and a humiliating sense of impaired daintiness made summer a season to dread. Then came the wonderful, scientific discovery, NONSPI—a pure antiseptic liquid. You need apply it only TWICE a week—the underarm will remain sweet and dry and, without other protection, your gowns will be saved from perspiration stains.

Physicians and Nurses Endorse the Genuine Nonspi

Hundreds of nurses and physicians have written us such expressions as: "Will freely recommend it!"—"Nonspi is an indispensable preparation for nurses."

Wonderful NONSPI spread to every state in the Union before one cent was spent on advertising—simply because grateful women had passed on the good news and told their friends of it and its merit.

*Never Raised in Price—Never Lowered in Quality
Now As Always—50¢—Several Months' Supply*

THE NONSPI COMPANY
2630 Walnut Street Kansas City, Mo.

If you are annoyed by armpit odor or have had dresses stained by perspiration, it is to your best interest to obtain a bottle of the GENUINE NONSPI at once, from any leading toilet or drug counter or by mail (postpaid) from us. Use it TWICE a week and free yourself from perspiration troubles, as a million other women have done.

If you desire further information and wish first to make a personal test—send us for Testing Sample and what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

Up and Coming

(Continued from page 40)

me over for a week or two but I told myself I wasn't going to waste time napping after Jo Willard. I forgot it, soon enough. . . . That's my story—My stars—before Jones could comment—"They are playing Home, Sweet Home, and we're sitting here all this time."

She darted from the table, Jones followed to write the number with her, her firm, fine body close in his arms.

"Going to take you home?" he whispered.

"No, Fred has his ancient boat outside, he wheezes it about for in every place we go, I couldn't let you take me home unless you called first."

"I'll call if you'd say when."

"You're kidding me. You, Mr. By-night of Hamelin's, calling at a Working Girl's Home—I'd be ashamed to have you see the place."

"Make it at Poppy's house," he insisted, "or wherever you like."

"There's a dance on Friday," she suggested quickly. "You might call and bring me. Poppy's aunt is at 489 Michigan Street—do you know where that is? Swell neighborhood, isn't it? Between Copelli the cobbler and Fitzsimmons the fireman! But I'll respect!" she added with emphasis.

"About eight?" he asked.

"Five," Bertha said. "I wonder if you'll really come? So many fellows just string a girl these days."

"I'll come and see. You'll not forget to be there?"

IV

JONES, immaculate as if for the club, appeared promptly on Friday evening. Bertha called into his light with a heart as light as Jones would have wished his own. She was dimly aware things were not as she would wish them to be, that this brilliant yet kindly man was amusing himself, concealing his real personality, and that he would continue to do so. Yet she was content.

This was Bertha's opportunity. She had promised herself to learn more of Jones' background—and future. But she tried without success. He was capable of impeccable reserve. He made an excuse to take her to a vaudeville the first of the week. She promised to knit him a tie as a reward.

"Thanks," he said, "but it would put you to a lot of bother."

"Some kinds of bother are pleasures"—smiling her broadest—"or wouldn't you want to wear the tie I'd knit? Wouldn't it be good enough?"

"You want me to give battle to that, don't you?" Jones retorted. He did want to have her knit the tie—but not be obliged to wear it!

"If you are going to do that for me," he added, "I must do something for you. Come, what shall it be?"

They were at the door of the Working Girl's Home, into which Jones could not go, it being past the approved hour.

Bertha glanced at the dim light burning for late comers, then up at Jones. "There's a lot of things to tell you," she began abruptly, "and after I've told them, maybe you won't want me to knit you a tie."

She waited for him to name a time and place where these confidences might be exchanged. He did so.

"Won't you take dinner with me tomorrow—a real Italian table d'hôte, with breadsticks and all the talk we like and not feel hurried. Shall I call for you?"

"I guess you mean Gonfron's, don't you?" "I'll tell you right there," he answered to his surprise. "Poppy and me eat there often. At half after six, so we can get a corner table."

"Gonfron's—half past six," he repeated, tipping his hat.

As he walked home, he wondered how interested he would be in her remarks. He did not like her for many reasons, he did not want her to become overly fond of himself—here, he called himself a pig—because he did not intend to become overly fond of her. He assumed him, served as a contrast to his environment. She seemed to Jones to be a kind, common sort of young woman without any background, her chum's marriage inclining her to quite natural envy.

Between the time he was to see Bertha and his midnight walk home, Jones wrote Marian and Pat letters of sympathetic understanding, Marian about her approaching wedding and Pat for the new business undertaking. He did not mention his mother's prejudice about Pat's not attending the wedding. He upheld her decision, chuckling at her statement that instead of having "Jones waste good money for railroad fares, to be regarded as the bad fairy and divorcee, please let me give one-half the amount toward an electric hair dryer and give the other half to Marian to help her in becoming an intellectual snob."

(Continued in the August McCall's)



DeMiracle

*Every Woman's
Depilatory*

**Only One Way to Tell
which Depilatory is Best**

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a searing wax, powder, paste or so-called Cold Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone.

Three Sizes 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

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Do this every morning!

A Rose-Petal Complexion

Delicately soft and refined is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This exquisite beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—charm and loveliness which endure throughout the day and linger in the memory. Its coolness is refreshing and it does not irritate the tender skin at leading toilet counters, or by mail.

Pre-War Price, 50¢.
Said to be unique in the world sample in list preferred.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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Suggests Efficiency**

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*Is Superior for
White Kid and Beckskin Shoes*

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Guaranteed One Year at retail price. Open take orders for guaranteed line in one family. Big profits and pleasant work. One of the best of the year. Write for sample, territory and money.

Everybody Needs Hosiery

Whether you devote spare time or full time, it will pay you to handle the guaranteed line. No experience necessary. No stock. No money. One of the best of the year. Write for sample, territory and money.

Thomas Mfg. Co., H-2622, Dayton, O.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair until if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find it so, that all mending of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides



Summer's Fruits Are Winter's Treats

Summer's fruits are winter's treats, my dear, and it's soon time to pack or preserve your favorite fruits. Put them up in stoneware because nothing else preserves their natural flavor, freshness and beauty so perfectly.

My grandmother told me, and told me true, that nothing else preserves the full freshness and deliciousness of foods so well, as good, old fashioned, sanitary, stoneware jars.

There are jars for packing fruits and vegetables and eggs, as you know, and suitable jars for everything you keep in your pantry. By the way, pack all the eggs you can this summer and you will save a great deal of money next winter.

In packing your fruits, vegetables, meats and everything, by all means use Dr. Goudias' recipes. He is the great food authority, you know, and he gives wonderful recipes in his book and includes those selected from thousands by the U. S. Government itself. You ought to have this book, and the nearest Stoneware Manufacturer will send it to you. Just write the one nearest you. Here are their names.

Yours as ever,

Cousin Martha

American Clay Products Co. Zanesville, Ohio
 Red Wing Union Stoneware Co. Red Wing, Minn.
 White Hall Potteries White Hall, Ill.
 White Hall Pottery Works Akron, Ohio
 Zanesville Stoneware Co. Zanesville, Ohio
 U. S. Stoneware Co. York, Pa.
 Walbridge Pottery Co. Evansville, Ind.
 Uhl Pottery Co. Louisville, Ky.
 Louisville Pottery Co. Paducah, Ky.
 Paducah Pottery Co. Paducah, Ky.
 Western Stoneware Co. Maunmouth, Ill.

P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jars for every purpose. C. M.



Mail Coupon to Nearest Company

Gentlemen: Please send me your book of economy suggestions, with Dr. Goudias' recipes and those compiled by U. S. Government officials.

Name

Address



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Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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Is easily applied with hands. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Also shows a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores.
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Give them—offer them—

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To hang up things

Ask your dealer to show them

Moore Push-Pins Co., Philadelphia

Made Easy in Summer

Care and Cooking of Food Is Simplified by Right Devices and Recipes

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

For summer comfort a good refrigerator that is easily cleaned and is not extravagant in ice-consumption is imperative. Porcelain-lined ones are desirable and attractive

No longer need the housewife do the tedious, tiresome work of "turning the freezer." She has only to prepare a simple cream, place it in the vacuum freezer which is properly packed with ice and salt, and allow it to stand for forty-five minutes, stirring two or three times—and a smooth, delicious cream will be ready to serve



Why suffer from the stifling heat of a coal or wood range during warm weather when with a two-, three- or four-burner oil stove and the portable oven, you can bake, roast, broil, fry quickly and at little cost for fuel? And you have only to put out the flame to cool the kitchen almost instantly



Time-Saving Cookery

Do you know the many ways of cutting down the labor of getting three meals a day? Wise homemakers are finding and using short cuts to problems like these which confront them:

What foods can you keep on your pantry shelf so that every emergency will find you prepared?

How can you prepare a satisfying supper in half an hour or less?

What instantaneous refreshments can you keep on hand for neighbors who "drop in" for an informal call?

How do you change a plain family dinner into a company meal when your husband brings home an unexpected guest?

Even when you serve hot bread, breakfast can be prepared in half an hour. Do you know the recipes to use?

Do your young folk feel free to invite their friends in for the evening or do they hesitate because "it's too much trouble for mother to fix up the 'cats'?"

How can you serve a feast for Sunday night supper without spending hours in advance preparation?

Do you know all about "last-minute" dinners—what to cook for them?

There are appetizers and relishes, quickly prepared, which give style to a meal. Do you want special recipes for them?

Would you like to know unusual ways of preparing, in brief time, either meat or vegetables as the main dish of the meal? Salad can be the mainstay of a summer meal; and there are clever ways to make simple desserts more attractive. Do you desire to know about them?

TIME-SAVING COOKERY, our new booklet, is dedicated to the homemakers who believe in the gospel of rest and recreation as well as in the gospel of work. It answers all the forgoing questions, and many others, by suggesting right food combinations and ways to prepare delicious dishes.

It tells you how to cut down the drudgery of cooking so that you may have time for your friends, for reading, for an hour or two at the movies, for a whole long "afternoon off" in the car with your family.

It shows how delicious, nourishing dishes can be prepared in record-breaking time.

It will help you to keep your youth; and your family will enjoy your home more because you are care-free.

The regular price of the booklet, TIME-SAVING COOKERY, is ten cents, but it will be sent free, on request, to those who check above, the questions they want answered and send their request to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

Iced, and in Tall Glasses

Making and Serving Delicious Summer Beverages

By Lillian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

THOUGH in many cases not adding materially to the food value of the meal, beverages are a delicious accompaniment to our foods and no meal is complete without one.

Tea and coffee, our chief and most commonly served beverages, in the summer, are served hot or cold. In summer we serve, too, the drinks made from different fruit juices—either the commercial products or fruit drinks concocted in the home.

No pantry drawer is complete without its corkscrew, bottle-opener and ice-chipper, especially in summer; and the pantry shelf should have some tall glasses for the iced beverages. Fancy glass spoons add to the daintiness in serving iced beverages.

Cocoa and chocolate do not rank with the other beverages on account of their high food value. Made with milk they are almost a meal in themselves; and always they are a valuable and delicious addition to a light luncheon. They may be iced as well as served hot, and tempt the appetite on a hot summer day when one rebels from other foods.

The fruit beverages are much more easily and quickly made if a sugar syrup is kept in the ice-box ready for use on short notice. Boil equal parts of sugar and water together for five minutes; skim and cool. This syrup will mix at once with the fruit juices and you are saved endless stirring to make sugar dissolve in cold water.

Many delicious summer-drinks may be purchased already bottled, and juices left from canning or preserving make very refreshing drinks. Grape juice and the various shrubs made from fruit juice and vinegar should not be forgotten. Combinations of the different fruit juices are often more delicious than one when it is used alone.

Chocolate or Cocoa with Chipped Ice
tinkling against the sides of the glass should be topped with a fluff of whipped cream, a marshmallow, or a spoonful of marshmallow whip. Over this sprinkle a little grated sweet chocolate.

Iced Coffee or Like Nectar
when served with powdered sugar and plain or whipped cream.

The Trick with Iced Tea
is to serve it with any acid fruit such as thin slices of lemon, orange or pineapple.

CHOCOLATE

5 ounces or squares of 1/2 cup sugar
chocolate 1 pint milk scalded
1 pint boiling water 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt the chocolate over hot water; add the sugar and then the boiling water slowly. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Add the scalded milk and the salt and vanilla. More sugar may be added if required.

Beat the chocolate well before serving. To serve attractively, follow the directions given in the box on this page. Even the most delicious drink can be made to seem more appetizing, if such simple devices are used.

PUNCH A LA PARIS

1 quart ginger ale 1 cup (or more) sugar
1 quart grape juice 1/2 cup (or more) sugar
Juice of 5 lemons 2 teaspoons grated
Juice of 5 oranges cucumber rind

Serve in tall glasses.

GINGER GLACE

Serve ginger ale in high glasses with a spoonful of lemon ice on top of each glass.

WATERMELON PUNCH

4 cups juice and pulp 1/2 cup raisins cooked
(crushed) of water in one cup sugar
Juice of 5 lemons 1 cup or more of sugar syrup

Serve garnished with mint sprays.

POMEGRANATE NECTAR
1 glass of cranapple 2 cups water (for
Juice of 4 oranges 1 cup iced water
Grated rind of 1 1/2 cup sugar, un-
less the jelly is very sweet
orange

Melt the jelly in the water and chill; add the other ingredients.

SPICED MANHATTAN CUP

1/2 cup lemon juice 1/2 cup raisins
1 cup orange juice 1 quart water
Grated rind of one 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
cup orange 1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 cup grape juice Few gratings of
1 tablespoon grated nutmeg
lemon rind

Chop the raisins and cook slowly in the water for fifteen minutes. Add the spices and cook five minutes. Chill and add the other ingredients. Sweeten to taste. A pint of charged water added just before serving is a great addition.

COMBINATION ALE
1 quart grape juice 1/2 cup marshmallows
1 quart ginger ale cherries cut fine

Chill. Serve on iced cup in tall glasses.

TOPAZ NECTAR

1 pint Catawba grape Juice of one lemon
Juice 1/2 cup sugar
1 cup water 1/2 cup grated orange

FRUIT PUNCH—I

(For 25 persons)

1 cup of each of the following
Strawberries, cut fine; pineapple
raspberries, bananas, skinned
grapes (if in season)

Juice of 4 lemons and 1 orange
1 quart ten freshly
2 quarts cold
2 quarts charged
water
Sugar syrup to
Marshmallow
berries may
be added

The directions, below, for mixing fruit punch II, will apply to the foregoing, allowing of course for the difference of ingredients actually used in contents.

FRUIT PUNCH—II

(For 25 persons)

1 pineapple or 1 can 1 quart of strawberries,
grated pineapple current or grape
3 cups boiling water 1 quart sugar or
1 cup tea freshly 1 bottle charged water
Juice of 6 lemons 1 quart sugar or
Juice of 10 oranges better, 3 cups of
4 quarts water

Grate the pineapple and the peach a few hours before the time of serving; then let stand, closely covered, on ice to chill and ripen. Then, when ready to serve, add the plain water and the charged water. Strawberries, mint leaves or slices of banana or orange may be added as a garnish.

Mothers who plan to lessen the work of preparing food and washing dishes, and, at the same time, to make the children happy, will arrange a picnic supper at least three or four times a week, during hot weather. In the picnic basket include the vacuum bottle containing an iced drink made by one of the recipes on this page.

Yes - home made - and it's so good for the children

"It always seems to me like cheating youngsters to give them store ice cream. So often it isn't good even though you pay a high price."

"I suppose those who buy their ice cream think it's troublesome to make. I used to, myself, before I got an Alaska Freezer. Now, though, I can make it as easily as any other dessert."

Banana Ice Cream

SCALD 2 cups of milk slightly thickened. Add the pulp of 3 bananas beaten eggs. Add 1/2 cup of sugar with a lemon juice. Lastly, pinch of salt and cook over hot water until cream, whipped. Freeze.

Write for a complete recipe book, addressing THE ALASKA FREEZER CO. Winchendon, Mass.



THE ALASKA FREEZER

Also makers of the Alaska North Pole All-metal Freezer

"Just right" Canning!

Simply use Wagner Cast Aluminum Preserving Kettles. No scorching or burning. The thick walls and bottoms distribute the heat evenly. Wagner Kettles are just as superior for general cooking. And they'll last a lifetime. No need to catch drips, or to pull out. Every Wagner Kettle is cast solid by pouring into a mold; not stamped.

Special Offer: Fruit lids illustrated (1/2 value) is free with all kettles of 6 to 24 quarts.
Write for free booklet No. 26.
Wagner Ware is Corrupted
THE WAGNER MFG. CO.
24 for 24¢



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It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities to the students.

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Practical training in acting.



Midsummer Madness

Is "Petting" Going Out and Good, Old-Fashioned "Normalcy" in Courtship Coming Back?

PERPLEXITY about "petting parties" distresses the girls on vacation, they write. It is one thing to flirt a bit and to spoon—more or less—with the boys at home or with men at college; but in the work of a confused debutante, "must not a limit be set to the pastime in the average summer colony?"

From hundreds of letters recently received about "petting," it would appear that the popularity of this sport is at its height and that notoriety and publicity are killing it faster than criticism ever could have done. Devotes of "petting" apparently are making the most of their 1922 chances 'ere the great game goes out of style with rouse and laz.

From the many phases of the subject covered by the letters mentioned, the following have been selected for variety of opinion.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At a famous beach where I am spending the hot weather, "petting parties" are fads. And any girl who is truthful will admit with me that there's nothing nicer than the companionship of a man who knows how to make love on a moonlight night.

Why should girls adhere to higher standards of exclusiveness than they expect from men?—F. N. M.

The answer is contained in these quotations, the next of which is as frank as fearless:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I don't believe in promiscuous kissing, but neither do I believe in total abstinence. It isn't natural! We kiss the members of our families, girls kiss each other because they like each other.

Then why if a girl really likes a man, why is it so terrible to kiss him?—A. R. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Comes a grieving mother with this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I have a daughter who participates in "petting parties."

She has been carefully reared and is a sensible girl in every other way. The man she calls "friend" comes nearly every evening. But no—they are not engaged.

She is engaged to another man who lives at a distance. She is making preparations for her wedding. I have implored her to end these "petting parties" but in vain.

My daughter is musical; she does not lack for recreation. If there is anything else I can do, tell me. I am sick with worry.—L. H., Concord, Conn.

CENSORING censors is youth's favorite privilege today. Wise parents, guardians, ministers, physicians and teachers know that the young will profit more by the experience and warning of their peers than by the combined admonitions of their elders. Perhaps in the unique assortment of confessions printed today, the offending daughter may discover a warning.

Very different but quite as startling is a plaint which runs thus:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

It is said that the girls who have tried "petting parties" have not been wanting.

Did it ever occur to you that perhaps some girls have tried the opposite and that, too, was found wanting?

I'm not a prude, I'm not ugly by any means—lots of men admire me; but I do not let them kiss me and so they say I'm the sort of a girl they read about in stories, the ideal girl they seldom meet.

This summer I think I've too well succeeded in being that, and oh! I'm not enjoying it one bit!—M. G. A., Atlantic City.

OPPROSED to this regret for desired but unexplored romantic experiences is a valuable contribution from one who has paid an extreme penalty for petting. At twenty, this girl has no illusions about love, no faith in lovers. In her own words:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At twenty, I'd give anything if I could start my life over at fifteen. I am one of the popular girls of my city. I belong to one of the oldest families in my state, and this year I will receive my A.B.

I am called a fortunate girl. That's one side. Consider the other:

I have gone with eighty-two boys and over fifty of them have kissed me. I have been engaged six times.

In each affair, I thought I was living a thrilling romance but now I am completely skeptical about love and cynical about men.

At twenty I care for no man, and I never will. Popularity is still mine. I continue to go with men the other girls want. But I loathe them.—H. C. F., Somewhere in the Berkshires.

ISN'T that a tragic price for a little transient popularity? Among other interesting points in the above confession, note this: The writer would like to begin her life again at fifteen.

Plainly, the discussed and condemned petting custom is older than most parents realize. It is, of course, as old as



To get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

the hills, but not in its perverted present form. To further illustrate the precociousness of many of its devotees, I have selected this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I was not fourteen when the boys began to kiss me. It was new to me and interesting. For a time I enjoyed it. I could see no harm in it, but I never told my mother.

At seventeen I was thoroughly disgusted with the boys and with myself. Then I began to go with one particular boy, and no more. He kissed me but once in a year.

It was certainly a wonderful pleasure to go with a man who did not demand a good-night kiss as his right.

The girls laugh at me when I say I do not like to be kissed, but Mrs. Wilcox, I know you will not laugh at me.

I know you will believe that I have learned a bitter lesson.

I wish I could make girls understand what it took me three years to find out: Kissing gets tiresome and the boys who demand it are bores without brains.—R. L. E.

IN the above case, the child was more sinned against than sinning. For her ability to save herself with a clean soul, she deserves credit.

Important Warning

THIS letter is of a kind which should be answered by mail and at length. No address was enclosed, the affair is serious, and unfortunately the warning is important to more than one inquiring girl.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am sixteen and in high school.

One of my teachers has been showing me too much attention.

He enjoys the highest esteem in the community. I don't know what to do. I am afraid to tell my parents; moreover I do not wish to do him any harm. Perhaps he means no wrong. . . . A. McC.

THE letter printed at length would make any mother question the man's character, no matter how much his neighbors might esteem him. This little girl ought to tell her mother, immediately, all she has told me, knowing that the truth never hurt anyone but the bully.

Spiritual Suicide

WHERE I to generalize one answer to cover the average of all heart of woman problems, it would be:

Don't waste the Best in the Woman for the Worst in the Man.

This deduction was precipitated by the following, the second letter from the tortured wife of a triangle situation. (The first letter told the story of the ruin of a devoted husband by an inheritance, a new car and a girl).

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

After the climax, I never ceased for an hour to review the situation, to recall my husband's words and the heart break of the experience.

I took up my office work, I tried to go on, but could see no reason for keeping up the fight.

So I made all my plans to pass out quietly by my own hand, attended to my papers, bought a gun, arranged the day and hour.

One day, a girl in the office passed McCall's to me. I chanced upon your page. The stories of the women who had come to you for help made me ashamed of myself. I wrote to you. Your personal reply made me resolve to see it through.

I'm going on for the sake of my boy, but even so, I cannot reconcile myself to the future. My husband did not give up the girl because he preferred her but because he discovered that she was not playing fair with him.

Now that our home is re-established, my husband assures me that he has had his lesson, I am his best friend, he needs me.

Has decided that we can assume our old status of trust and love, and that he can settle down feeling perfectly happy and comfortable.

I can't see it that way. I am harassed with the memory of the thing—and he protests that he cannot understand why I do not forget. . . . S. M. B.

IN four closely typed pages of vivid word painting, the writer details the hurt, jealousy and despair which continue to corrode her soul.

As the result of reading her poignant letter many times, it occurred to me that she had been saved from a physical death only to kill herself spiritually every day; that she is wasting a very fine woman on a less than ordinary man; that she is hourly throwing away the best in herself for the worst in him.

And that is the death some other woman die a thousand times. That is spiritual suicide.

When love is done, how can a woman save herself from killing the best in herself? Who has saved herself?

Will she not send me her story? Will she not help others?

Anna Wilcox

Famous makers of sport silks and smart sport waists make washing tests

Find safe way to
launder silks ~

SPORT silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago. Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of The Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. Their letters tell why, as a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.



H. R. MALLINSON AND COMPANY, INC.
MALLINSON'S
299 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Our washable Pussywillow is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Home Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times. We found that beyond the life of the ordinary fabric, and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whipperwill Brocade, Buff-a-Buff, and Eponette were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly that Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unusual purity and mildness.

Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.



Send for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Department 117, Cambridge, Mass.

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while, a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

Prayed, pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed to get it clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a Grape de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,

Max Held

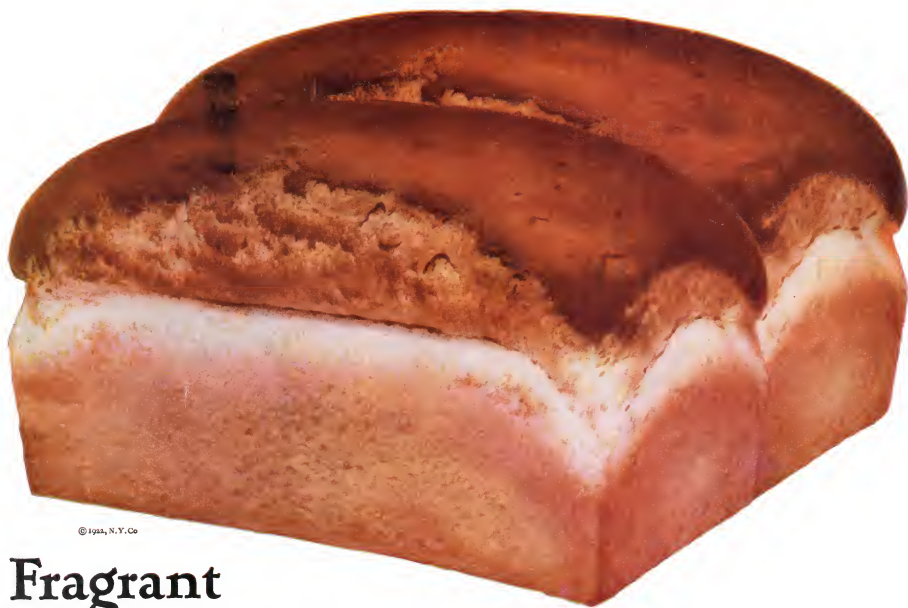
LUX

How to wash sport silks

Whisk one tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—

don't wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press on wrong side with a warm, not a hot, iron. Don't sprinkle.

For colors, make suds barely lukewarm, use fresh suds for each color and wash quickly.



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Fragrant beautiful loaves like these

*You can watch them grow right up in
your own oven if you use Yeast Foam*

Ask our expert
what you want to know
about bread making
Hannah L. Wessling,
formerly bread expert,
Department of Agriculture,
will be glad to an-
swer any question about
flour, yeast, temperature,
mixing, kneading, rising,
molding, baking, etc. If
you are making some
delightful new bread
with a delicious flavor,
write to Miss Wessling
and tell her
about it.

HOME bread makers every-
where prefer Yeast Foam
because it assures a light,
sweet dough
and because the flavor of
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ities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in
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as an aid to Health."

Northwestern Yeast Company, 1752 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago